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REX F. HARLOW

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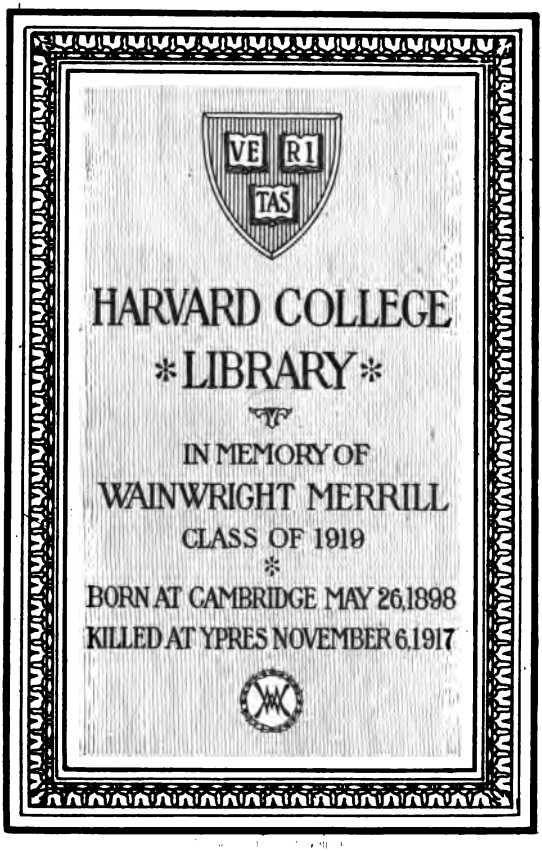
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BORN AT CAMBRIDGE MAY 26,1898
KILLED AT YPRES NOVEMBER 6,1917

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN E. STEPHENS

Who was Commanding General of the 61st F. A. Brigade from July 20, 1918 until his death, at Coetquidan, France, January 4th, 1919.

(See Appendix.)

TRAIL OF THE 61ST

A History of the 61st Field Artillery Brigade During the World War

1917-1919.

By

PVT. REX F. HARLOW

Brigade Headquarters Detachment.

1919

Harlow Publishing Company,

Oklahoma. City.

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Foreword

I was one of the men in the 61st F. A. Brigade who belonged to that disappointed class, known in the A. E. F. as "Dove Tails" or Third Lieutenants." We graduated from the Saumur Artillery School, at Saumur, France, where we received diplomas which, before the signing of the Armistice, would have given us commissions, but the closing of the war relieved the necessity for more officers and we were returned to our organizations with the same rank that we held when we left for school. We were given great freedom, with practically no duties, and had so little to occupy our time that life hung heavily upon our hands and we earnestly wished for something worth while to do.

The Brigade Adjutant assigned me to duty in his office, to do some special work for him, but this work did not occupy much of my time and I conceived the idea of writing a history of the experiences and activities of the brigade during the Great War. I presented the idea to Lieut. Col. Simpson and he endorsed it, with the result that a Brigade Memorandum was immediately issued, stating that I had been given the authority to assemble information and material for a history of the 61st Brigade and instructing the Commanding Officers of all units of the brigade to co-operate in the work.

A few days after the memorandum was issued I was sent to the Camp Hospital where I was held for 28 days, but the brigade did not leave for home, as I had feared it would, for about two weeks after I had been released from the hospital, and I therefore had the opportunity of doing some effective work after my illness, though not enough to gather all of the information I desired. Had I not been held in the hospital so long I would have been able, I believe, to have secured all of the material desired.

It was my original plan to publish in this history a complete roster of the brigade, and to that end I re-

quested each organization to select a correspondent who would be permitted to devote the major portion of his time to the work of gathering information for the history, so that I could be sure that the desired data and names would be furnished to me.

But my plans for securing the roster miscarried, as only two regiments furnished the names of their men, and since I have been mustered out of service I have found it impossible to secure rosters of the other units of the brigade. In my efforts to get these names I have used every available means, even to enlisting the aid of numerous Congressmen and U. S. Senators, who have personally visited War Department Officials to ask that the rosters be sent to me, but all to no avail.

I sincerely regret that the history does not contain a roster of the brigade, but since I could not procure a complete roster, I deem it inadvisable to use the lists I possess, and have decided that the present book, though incomplete, should be published and distributed to the members of the brigade without further delay.

I wish to express my appreciation for the assistance of Sgt. Kent Watson, of the 133d F. A., Sgt. H. L. Woodyard, of the 131st F. A. and Sgt. A. H. Van Winkle, of the 111th Trench Mortar Battery, who furnished complete reports and rosters of their organizations, and to many other friends, including Sgt. Victor Combs, of the 111th Ammunition Train and Pvt. Joe C. Bettencourt, of the 131st F. A., who supplied me with many of the kodak pictures that appear in this volume. Moreover, I want to express thanks to Lt.-Col. Sloan Simpson for supplying me with a photograph of the late General Stephens for it would have been impossible for me to have secured it otherwise.

REX F. HARLOW.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
December 22, 1919.

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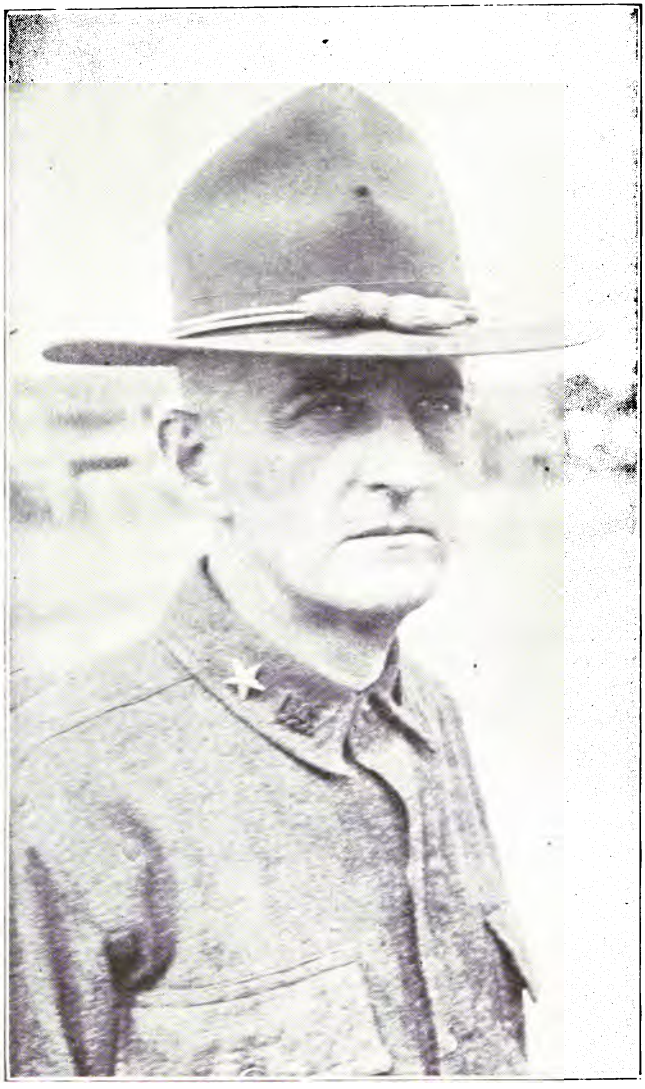


Brigadier General George Blakeley, the first Commanding General of the 61st F. A. Brigade, who after leaving the brigade, was promoted to the rank of Major General and was sent to France in command of a Division of Coast Artillery.

(See Appendix.)

Trail of the 61st

I.

CAMP BOWIE

On June 1, 1916, a newly organized battery of Field Artillery, designated as battery "B," 1st Texas Field Artillery, was placed under the command of Claude V. Birkhead, who was commissioned captain in the Texas National Guard. Douglas McKenzie and Raymond Phelps of San Antonio held first lieutenancies in the new organization.

In June, 1917, Captain Birkhead was ordered to Houston to aid in the organization of a division of Texas troops, as Battery "B" was to be made the nucleus of a regiment of field artillery, to be called the 2d Texas Field Artillery. Birkhead was granted the authority of recruiting the following batteries of the regiment: Headquarters Co., "A," "B" and "C" Batteries at San Antonio; "D" Battery at Floresville; "E" Battery and supply Co. at Waco; and "F" Battery at Houston.

By August 4, the Regiment had been organized and accepted by the Federal Government and Captain Birkhead was promoted to the grade of colonel, assuming command of the Regiment on that date.

On August 5, units took the field, encamping in local quarters in various towns where they had been recruited, and remaining in these camps until

September 5, when orders were received from the War Department for the regiment to mobilize at Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas. This movement was completed September 7, 1917.

On October 15, the name of the regiment was changed from the 2nd Texas Field Artillery to the 131st Field Artillery, a part of the 61st Field Artillery Brigade of the 36th Division, and in order to bring it to war-time strength 268 men of the first national army draft were secured from the 165th Depot Brigade at Camp Travis, on October 22, and permanently assigned to the regiment the following day. This completed the organization of one unit of the 61st Brigade.

When National Guardsmen were called into federal service on the last day of March, 1917, the 1st Squadron of Texas cavalry under command of Major John D. Golding, had a strength of 14 officers and 402 men, comprising the following units: Supply Train and Troop "A," from Houston; Troop "B," from Amarillo; Troop "C," from San Antonio; Troop "D,"' from Corsicana; Sanitary Detachment from Galveston.

On April 17, all of the above organizations were mustered into federal service at Camp Wilson, San Antonio, where they remained until July 25, when orders were received to move to Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas.

At this time the following newly organized units joined the squadron, developing it into a regiment: Machine Gun Troop from Hillsboro; Troop "H," from Houston; Troop "E," from Taylor; Troop "F," from Corsicana; Troops "D" and "L," from Fort Worth; Troop "G," from Dallas; Troop "K," from San Antonio.

Units of the new regiment began arriving in Camp Bowie on September 10, at which time it was placed under the command of Col. Arthur R. Sholars.

On October 18, the regiment was reorganized, converted into the 132d Field Artillery of the 61st Field Artillery Brigade, and another unit of the 61st was thereby established.

In order to organize a brigade of artillery in Texas Col. Fred Logan, of Dallas, was called to Houston by Brigadier General Don A. Hulen, June 6, 1917, for a conference in which it was decided to recruit two regiments of field artillery in Texas, one regiment to be secured by enlistments and the other to be formed from the 1st Texas Cavalry regiment.

The work of organizing the 1st Texas Field Artillery was carried forward rapidly by Col. Logan, the regiment being completely organized by the latter part of July, and on August 5, it was mustered into the federal service and assigned as the Howitzer (big-gun) unit of the 61st Field Artillery Brigade. It was composed of six batteries and companies as follows: "A," "B" and "C" Batteries and Headquarters and Supply Companies from Dallas; "B" Battery from Fort Worth; "E" Battery from Sherman, and "F" Battery from Paris. On October 15, the regiment was reorganized into the 133d Field Artillery, Col. Logan retaining command, and the regiment became a third unit of the 61st Field Artillery Brigade.

During the spring of 1917, Captain Donald R. Bonfoey, Commander of Troop B, 1st regiment of Oklahoma National Guard, organized two more troops of Oklahoma Cavalry, "C" at McAlester and "D" at Pawhuska. After these units were organized Capt. Bonfoey was promoted to the rank of major. Dur-

ing the summer of 1917, Major Bonfoey received authority from Washington to organize an Ammunition Train and a medical detachment from the four troops of Oklahoma cavalry.

The troops of cavalry and the medical detachment proceeded to Camp Bowie, arriving in camp August 5. On the 15th of August they were reorganized into the 111th Ammunition Train, Troops "A," "B" and "C" retaining their organizations intact, though being converted into companies "E," "F" and "G," of the Ammunition Train. Troop "D" was disorganized and its men distributed among the other three companies. Lieut. Col. Stevenson was placed in command of the Train which later became a unit of the 61st Brigade.

Troop "K" of the 1st Texas Cavalry, organized in San Antonio, in company with other troops of the 1st Texas Cavalry, was mobilized at Camp Bowie, Texas, becoming a part of the 36th Division. On October 15, 1917, when Texas and Oklahoma troops were reorganized into the 61st Field Artillery Brigade, it became the 111th Trench Mortar Battery, Captain Lewis Maverick of San Antonio, Texas, organizer of the troop and its commander when it was mustered into federal service at Camp Bowie, retaining command. The battery then became one of the five distinct units of the 61st Brigade.

All of the organizations that were used in the development of the 61st were made up of National Guard troops, who were gathered from all parts of Texas and Oklahoma and sent to Camp Bowie, Fort Worth. Upon arriving at Fort Worth they detrained and proceeded immediately to the Clark farm, so called because it was owned by Mrs. Clark. It was covered by Johnson grass about knee high and showed nothing of the great camp that was later built, except that a

few piles of lumber lay scattered at random over the place. The men put up tents the first afternoon, immediately after their arrival, but slept that night on Johnson grass, which bed, in fact, served them for several nights thereafter.

The arrival of cavalary troops at Camp Bowie, showing how tents were hastily erected on the grassy land of the Clark farm. These tents were later made comfortable by the addition of sides and floors of pine boards.

The first duty of the newly arrived troops was that of acting as camp guards, for each day brought in vast amounts of government property, especially building material. Not all of the men were used as guards, however, and just as rapidly as time permitted and men could be spared for the purpose, the camp was put into shape. Grass was cut, troop streets were laid out and graded, ditches were dug and a thousand and one things incident to the building of a new camp were done by the men. There were no quiet hours, for the soldiers realized that they were engaging in the biggest piece of work of their lives and that they must enter into this work

with energy and spirit if they were to become properly trained for overseas. Moreover, most of them believed that their stay in Camp Bowie would be short and that they would rapidly be trained to the point where they could leave for France; and this belief caused them to lose no time in putting themselves into condition.

As the cavalry troops were the first soldiers to occupy Camp Bowie, they were forced not only to do guard duty over government stores, but also to furnish military police for Fort Worth, where troops were coming and going and over-patriotic citizens were being imposed upon. Work of this kind occupied about three months of time, after which other troops arrived and the cavalry units were transferred to the artillery service.

But most of the work during the early months of their stay in Camp Bowie was pleasing to the men because of the generous manner in which the townspeople of Fort Worth proved their appreciation of the soldiers and gave of their bounteous hospitality. Nothing was too good for the newly arrived soldiers; no opportunity was overlooked to give them automobile rides or to treat them to candy, ice cream and cold drinks; and it early became an established policy on the part of families of Fort Worth to invite soldiers to their homes for Sunday dinners and for other forms of entertainment. No city could have shown a warmer attitude of helpfulness and kindly interest toward its soldiers than Fort Worth did during the first few months after Camp Bowie was opened.

So many people called at the camp to take the boys for automobile rides that the soldiers soon learned to accept this kindness as a matter of course

and thought nothing more of it than they did of receiving food free of charge from the government. It is a sad fact that this attitude grew to such proportions that carelessness in their treatment of the citizens of Fort Worth became common among the soldiers, and the city in self-protection, practically shut its doors to the camp.

The construction of Camp Bowie proceeded rapidly, under the supervision of the Thompson Construction company, which had a force of several thousand laborers engaged in erecting buildings and in otherwise making a camp. The first buildings to be erected were the mess halls for troops, "A," "B," "C" and "D" of the 1st Texas Cavalry; and these buildings were welcomed with satisfaction by the troops who before their erection had been compelled to cook and serve their meals in the open, regardless of excessive heat or rain. But now, being housed in substantial buildings where tables were provided so that men could be seated at their meals, they felt like soldiers who were appreciated.

Simultaneously with the erection of the mess halls, the cavalry troops constructed floors to their tents from lumber, which they bought with their own money, and built sidings to their tents with pieces of cast off lumber from the camp. In this manner Bowie soon assumed a regulation appearance, having reasonably well built tents, broad, properly policed streets and a sufficient number of mess halls to accommodate all troops. The men lived in more comfort because of this development, for before tent floors and sidings had been built it was no uncommon thing for heavy rainstorms to bring disaster to the camp. Texas rainstorms often come with such violence that the canvas tents, fastened to the ground

only with sticks and ropes, were unable to withstand the strain and were blown down. But now that wooden foundations to the tents were built such a possibility was precluded except in times of exceptionally severe storms.

To the majority of soldiers who first came to Bowie, camp life was not new, for they had passed several months on the Mexican border and had grown accustomed to soldier life. They felt with reason that since they had served their apprenticeship on the border they would not be compelled to remain long in an American camp, but would soon be developed into efficient fighting men competent to meet the best troops of the German army and to successfully cope with them. "Squads East and West" were tolerated by these men because they realized that a certain amount of this grind was necessary to equip them for the part they had to play in the war, and such other duties as were imposed upon them they accepted and executed with cheerfulness and dispatch.

Shortly after the various units of the National Guard had gotten properly settled in camp a training schedule was established by the Commanding General and the men were soon engaged in executing such squad movements as were required on the parade grounds or in the field. This training was made difficult by the fact that the drills were held over ground which was badly broken and cut by ravines and literally covered with rocks, which had to be removed with hands or shovels. Camp Bowie is located on seven hills to the west of Fort Worth and these hills are separated by small valleys over which the men had to work in their maneuvering and training.

But work was not all the soldiers did, for the Y. M. C. A. huts scattered over camp proved to be con-

gregational points, where during the evenings large groups of men found their way for amusement and letter writing. Thousands of letters bearing the red triangle and "with the colors," slogan on the envelope, were sent over the country from the Y. M. C. A. buildings, for the soldier boys early learned the habit of writing letters regularly to their homefolks. In fact, every time they entered a Y. M. C. A. building, their attention was directed to this duty. Paper and envelopes were always available except at such times as the supply became exhausted from the tremendous drain imposed upon it.

The Y. M. C. A. provided interesting and educative entertainments practically every evening and these entertainments were usually attended by large audiences, the soldiers eagerly accepting an opportunity to get away from their quarters for a while. Any number of first-class moving pictures were offered at the "Y," and though the facilities for showing them were not as good as those afforded by city theaters, the men enjoyed the numbers hugely and made proper allowances for the conditions.

Likewise, the entertainments furnished by the Liberty Theater, were welcome to the majority of the soldiers, for at nominal expense good bills could be seen there practically any evening. Thousands of soldiers were entertained at the Liberty Theater by Theda Bara, Douglas Fairbanks and other noted movie stars, the charge for this service being reduced to a minimum. Aside from the lack of comfortable seats and the presence of men only, the soldiers easily forgot that they were in army playhouses.

Other amusements supported freely and enjoyed greatly, were boxing and wrestling matches. Fre-

The Liberty Theater at Camp Bowie was a monument to the sagacity of the military authorities. No greater instrument for keeping the soldiers satisfied was introduced into camp, for the men could go here during their spare time to enjoy practically the same type of entertainments they had been accustomed to at home. This is a representative building of its kind, though smaller than many in other camps where the 61st was stationed.

quent bouts were held and the men were given the opportunity of seeing the country's best fighters and wrestlers in action. In truth, prize fighting developed into one of the most popular entertainments in Camp Bowie, and taken, as a whole, the camp became enthusiastic over this sport. The soldiers assembled in vast crowds and clamorously cheered for their men at each bout until good seats at the ringsides became almost impossible to secure.

Moreover, many of the national singers and entertainers found their way to Camp Bowie during the time the 61st was in training there and it was largely the fault of the soldiers themselves if they didn't have pleasant times. It is true the men had to work hard every day, but their work kept them in the best of health, and during the evenings and holidays they were given entertainments of the highest order.

On October 15, 1917, the 61st Field Artillery Brigade was formed from the Oklahoma and Texas Guards, but as these organizations did not contain a sufficient number of men to fill the brigade to full war strength a large number of drafted men from the first national army draft were secured on October 22, 1917, from the 165th Depot Brigade at Camp Travis; and the first week in June, 1918, a second contingent of draft men were brought to Camp Bowie from Texas and Oklahoma, though chiefly from Camp Travis. The life of these newly drafted soldiers was entirely different from that of the National Guardsmen at the time the latter entered camp. The drafted men were taken to detention camp immediately upon arrival, where they were given bed-clothing and cots and were assigned to tents. The detention camp, which was constructed to accommodate about 5,000

troops, was surrounded by ten-foot woven wire, at the top of which were stretched several strands of barbed-wire. The entrances were kept heavily guarded and it was seen that none of the new men were allowed to leave detention camp during their stay there.

The theory upon which the detention camp was established was that men coming from all parts of the country were likely to carry diseases with them, and in order to prevent any distribution of these diseases among the older troops in camp, and for the purpose of keeping troops under close supervision for two weeks while they were undergoing vaccination and preliminary drills, the drafted men were made to enter a detention or segregation camp. It was here that the authorities carefully examined every man, vaccinated him for small-pox and typhoid, and saw to it that he was made into a perfectly sanitary being before being allowed in the camp proper.

The tents, occupied by the new-comers, accommodated from six to eight men and were practically a replica of the tents in the main camp. The men were taught to prepare their bunks, to answer reveille, and to police their quarters each day—experiences entirely novel to them. They were arranged into companies, having their own company streets, latrines and messhalls, and were placed under the immediate command of sergeants who had been selected for this purpose from the trained units in the main camp.

To these civilians, life in the detention camp was "one damn thing right after another." They were rudely awakened each morning by the shrill whistle of the "Top Cutter" and, in case they didn't

A close-up of a Battery street in Camp Bowie, Texas, showing a latrine in the background and a well-kept, properly drained street.

fall out promptly, were more rudely ousted from their bunks by some unsympathetic, curt orderly who was sent to their tents with the gruff admonition to "get those rookies to hell up in line; what do they think this is—their birthday?" After having the message delivered verbatim to them, they were sure to respond with a speed in dressing, directly in contrast to the slow, sleepy fashion in which they had been wont to arise and come down to breakfast in their civilian homes.

After having "fallen in" and dressed their lines they were given orders for the day and were likely divided into groups to take exercises. This exercise business proved to be quite an interesting affair to these soft men, who had come to camp from offices and indoor work. Some fat fellows, especially, found it difficult to execute all of the movements, their grunts and pantings often keeping time to the commands of their leaders. With the perspiration bursting forth from their round cheeks and their flesh forming in great remonstrating rolls, the only indication they gave of ever becoming soldiers was the earnest manner in which they entered into their work.

After taking exercises the men were told to fall in line for mess, and this command was always met with shouts of approbation, the men proceeding to their tents with an alacrity, which judging by their previous actions was truly remarkable. It was here that scrambles ensued, for especially rotund individuals, with gluttonous appetites always tried to be the first men to the mess halls, regardless of whether or not they were living away down the street or close to the mess halls. With cunning and swift steps they attempted to press in ahead of every man who ap-

peared before them in line, entirely heedless of caustic remarks and impervious to all sarcasm. If they proved successful in their efforts and succeeded in arriving among the first in the mess-hall they were sure to look with envious eyes at the amount of food served to those near them and to grumble over the fact that they had been given a small amount of food, even though their mess kits had been loaded to the brim by the kitchen police. They ravenously hurried through their meals and were to be seen a few minutes thereafter taking their places again in line, using the same squirming fox-like methods to advance.

It did not take the men long to notice such individuals and before many days had passed they always managed to "take a fall" out of them. In several instances they conspired among themselves to break these gluttons by saving all scraps from their meals and looking up the gentlemen while they were eating a second helping, to remark that "they had brought them some more food," after which they quite generously deposited all of their scraps into the mess kits of the gluttons, thereby filling the mess kits full to overflowing, and ruining the remaining good food.

The morning meal was usually followed by general policing of quarters and preparations for the day's drill. The men were placed in groups of from eight to fifty, according to the number of men available to train them and usually each group contained several men who had had some previous military training, these men being always in demand by the sergeants in charge. The mornings were chiefly devoted to teaching foot movements and positions of the soldier, the squad movements being taken up as soon as progress permitted.

The vaccinations were the most unpopular experiences in the detention camp, for not only did sore arms develop from the small-pox vaccinations, but fever and racking headaches also resulted from the injection of anti-typhoid serum. Sometimes as many as half of the men in a company of three or four hundred were too sick to drill or to go on hikes and marches. The men dreaded each trip to the infirmary, for they never knew when they were going to be examined or made to take some kind of medicine. Salts, especially, seemed to be quite popular with the medical officers, the men being lined up quite often to "pass in review" before a large tub of strong salts, each man receiving from a half pint to a pint of this pleasant drink. The results of such kindly attention on the part of the medical officers always resulted in great camp activity, the men often living up to the reputation of sprinters while engaged in the proper execution of their pressing military duties. Hook worms and salts soon grew to be synonymous terms to the soldiers and they shied from both like scary horses from bits of bright colored paper. Attempts to overtake some unwary hookworm resulted in many episodes that will never find their way to print.

An order in detention camp which will long live in the memory of the men who were affected by it was that calling for the cutting of all hair to a shortness of one-half inch. When this order was read to the troops it created much consternation, many lads fondly passing their fingers through their endangered locks, with the prayer that they might escape. But the ruthless mule clippers found their way to the heads of even the most beautiful hair and each man was turned out a freshly sheared sacrifice to the god of military efficiency, bearing witness that lice and

Uncle Sam had declared war on each other. Many of the Indians refused to credit the order when it was first read to them and, upon being approached about having their braids of hair removed, were emphatic in their refusals to be subjected to such indignity. But the sergeants, firm in their duty, marched forth with a host of assistants to impress upon these wayward nephews of Uncle Sam that all individual religious customs and rights must be waived when Uncle Sam issued orders. The Indians were seized by enough men to hold them securely and rough hands applied the mule shears to the quivering indignant heads of these embryonic war chiefs, leaving them in a badly shorn condition. In several instances they bellowed and roared, threatening to subject all sergeants and "Uncles" to the deepest and hottest depths of perdition, but their vitriolic upheavals always subsided into stoic moroseness, from which they were again aroused with difficulty.

Most of the men enjoyed the opportunity of going on hikes, even though the weather was tremendously hot and the marches were several miles in length and over rough roads. Anything to get away from detention camp for a short time was welcomed by the "rookies" for they were held in the "bull pen" so closely that they became tired of everything in it. The trips to Lake Komo were especially pleasing to them because they were allowed to take swims there on numerous occasions. The change from the stuffy hot camp to the freedom of this nice cool lake was a God-send and they enjoyed it accordingly.

One section of the detention camp was conducted on a slightly different basis from the rest of the camp, the "G. O.-45" men being placed in a section to themselves. These men were accorded special at-

tention and nothing was left undone to "make them safe for Democracy;" they were drilled separately, fed separately and guarded separately, being so restricted in their activities as to have little contact with the other men in camp.

After the men had been held in detention camp for two weeks they were herded into an open space before detention camp headquarters, where they remained for two days in the boiling hot sun while their names were read, informing them of the units to which they had been assigned. No greater strain than this was placed upon them while they were in the service and all felt they were mistreated here. They were ordered to stand until given permission to sit, then after being allowed to sit were ordered to remain in that posture until allowed to stand, and thus they were changed about throughout the two days, until both the soles of their feet and the seats of their trousers were worn from the strain. If they hadn't become sunburned before this time it was a certainty that they left either as red as berries or as brown as nuts.

The men were soon assigned to various organizations and though new to the army and from widely varied sections of Oklahoma and Texas, they required only a few weeks time to become thoroughly acquainted with the other soldiers and to learn that they were just as welcome in the organization as any man who had volunteered. They soon caught the vision of the guardsmen and though less experienced, entered into army work with the determination to overcome the handicap under which they labored. The result of their efforts was manifest in the ease and rapidity with which they mastered foot drill and military

maneuvers. In a few weeks they were able to do creditable drill in any formation.

One apparent disadvantage which a majority of the soldiers of the 61st Brigade had to combat was that they had received their previous training as cavalrymen and were thoroughly unacquainted with artillery drill and the nomenclature of the field pieces they were to use. Yet, instead of proving a handicap, this lack of knowledge proved to be a blessing, for during the long weary months in which they were held

One of the artillery pieces, showing a gun crew at drill. The man seated by the wheel with his face turned toward the rear is the Gunner and he is waiting for the signal to pull his lanyard, thereby firing the shell, as soon as he can close the breechlock after the shell is put in.

at Camp Bowie, their ignorance forced them to devote much time and attention to the task of making themselves better acquainted with their work.

But, regardless of the fact that they realized their shortcomings as artillerymen, these men clamored insistently from the moment they entered Camp Bowie to be sent to France and to be allowed to get into the

fight. They talked and acted in terms of battles and dangers, and manifested a spirit of fearlessness and desire for danger which increased the longer they were held in America. They were fighters and knew it; they demanded action but got it only once during the entire war.

During the first two or three months of their drilling period they trained without equipment, devoting their time to the theoretical study of artillery on miniature ranges. They acquired skill, regardless of handicaps, and early showed themselves to be a unit of unusual capacity.

In the matter of horses, the brigade was also very unfortunate, for it received a number totally inadequate for use in mounted drill. But the officers made the best of conditions by continuing training as rapidly as facilities permitted, the horses being interchanged freely by various units. When a special mounted maneuver was desired a sufficient number of horses were borrowed or assigned to the unit engaging in the maneuver to allow a successful execution of the drill.

But in the matter of wheeled materiel the brigade was in dire straits, for practically no equipment of this nature was available. After waiting several months for ordnance equipment one battery of three-inch guns was finally secured by the 133d regiment and these field pieces were used at varying intervals by the different batteries of the three artillery regiments for the several months following. The first firing practice on the range occurred in February, 1918, when the 133d regiment commenced practice in the pasture of the Corn and Hildreth ranch, twelve miles from Camp Bowie, where a temporary range was established. The booming of the three-

inch guns brought the first touch of war to the men of the 61st and they looked forward with eagerness to the time when they could use this experience to good advantage on the battlefields of Europe. The 133rd regiment was followed by the 131st regiment, the 132nd regiment being the last organization to go to the ranges.

While the artillery units were engaged in their practice, the Ammunition Train and Trench Mortar

A howitzer (big gun) in extreme recoil, just after a shot had been fired from the muzzle, which shows the manner in which the men seated on the pieces protected themselves from the jar of explosion by grasping the shield. The recoils of the big guns often raised the wheels clear of the ground and the men caught hold of the shields in order to keep from sliding off of their seats.

Battery were undergoing similar training experiences in their branches of the service. Foot drill, parades, rifle practice and long marches came in regular and weary succession. The men were taught the manual of arms, open and close drill formations and such other special details as were necessary to effect thorough and efficient development in their organizations.

The 111th Trench Mortar Battery was probably the busiest organization in Camp Bowie, for Capt. Maverick, a Spanish-American war veteran of the Roosevelt Rough Riders, strictly adhered to the policy of "making hay while the sun shines." He outlined strenuous training programs, personally directed his men in their training and made each day full of work for every man in his command.

The brigade was equipped with clothing shortly after its arrival at Camp Bowie, though there were the customary misfits and difficulties in satisfying every soldier. In numerous instances big six-footers, often with three inches of wrists showing from short coat sleeves and with special splices in their waist lines, took aside little five-foot dwarfs, whose blouses could easily have accommodated two men of their size, and confidentially told them what a shame it was that the government couldn't furnish fellows with properly fitting clothes. But such disgruntled remarks were not made in a spirit of serious discontent, for, on the whole, the men were well equipped and well satisfied. There was some delay in the fall of 1917 in receiving woolen garments, but as the first issue of winter clothing was made in November and the weather had been mild up to that time, no one suffered from the delay. Before the end of the year each soldier in the brigade was equipped with the full winter equipment prescribed by the quartermaster.

During the latter days of October, 1917, Camp Bowie became infested with disease; a serious epidemic broke out and continued unabated for more than two months. In making a report on the matter Sergeant Woodyard of the 131st regiment said: "Practically every man in the 61st brigade was stricken with one malady or another, but fortunately

a majority of the attacks were astonishingly light. The cause of this epidemic is not tangibly known.

"It might be traceable to a number of reasons: dust, hard work done by men unused to manual labor and a number of other sources. However, medical authorities competent to speak, attributed the scourge to the fact that too many men were sleeping in crowded quarters, and that harmful germs naturally transferred from one sleeper to another. Increased efforts were immediately made to secure a more liberal allowance of tents, which finally resulted in enough canvas being secured to allow the men to be quartered not more than eight in one tent. The epidemic of measles and other diseases of the pulmonary organs immediately began to subside, and before March 1, 1918, Camp Bowie's death rate came back to par with other camps."

After this experience, camp authorities made it their personal duty to inspect the condition of all tents and to make sure that sanitary conditions were maintained at a high standard.

One of the policies inaugurated and emphasized by General Blakeley in the 61st Brigade was the theoretical instruction of his enlisted men. Having graduated from West Point, himself, and later served as an instructor in that institution, he keenly appreciated the value of teaching men the theory of artillery work. He established various schools and placed efficient instructors in charge to teach men the technique of artillery firing. The work done in these schools proved invaluable, for the men were able to put the theories learned there rapidly into effect in the field, this service being specially beneficial because of the scarcity of ordnance property.

General Blakeley also used his school idea in making plans for his officers. Practically every officer in his brigade was sent to the range to take a special course in artillery firing, and a large number of them were sent to Fort Sill, where they entered the School of Fire. After completing their work such officers as were in Fort Sill returned to Camp Bowie, where they were detailed as instructors on the range and in the school rooms. General Blakeley was so thorough in his work that many of his officers have said they would rather face a firing squad than to go before him and be quizzed about their knowledge of artillery.

After work was completed on the range, the men were drilled in foot movements, military courtesies and such other special drills as were necessary to make them finished soldiers. There was guard duty, police duty, kitchen duty and daily formations in monotonous succession, until the men grew sick and tired of Camp Bowie; cursing the fate that held them in the states when apparently there was such need for their services in Europe. During this time rumors by the thousand and million flooded the camp; night and day, at reveille and at retreat; on duty and off duty—everywhere, rumor reigned supreme.

During the latter part of May gas masks were issued to the brigade and from then until the time they left Camp Bowie it was customary to see batteries of men engaged in gas drill. This drill was very disagreeable during the hot weather, perspiration gathering in the masks in such quantities that the men were at times persecuted with a deluge of hot briny water over their faces and in their eyes. But upon protesting against this treatment they were told by their officers that no doubt this was only a slight

indication of the inconveniences to be undergone in Europe and if they were unable to stand this little inconvenience here they would be poor soldiers in France.

On July 4, a special detachment of officers and enlisted men left Camp Bowie for overseas, as an advance school detachment from the 61st Brigade. These men were sent ahead of the brigade to study new developments in artillery work, and to make arrangements for the arrival of the remainder of the brigade. The detachment arrived at Hoboken, N. J., July 9, remaining there until July 18, when it sailed for France on the U. S. S. George Washington. After an uneventful voyage it arrived in Brest, July 30th, and was immediately sent to Camp de Coetquidan, where the men entered various schools.

Brig. Gen. Geo. Blakeley, who had been in command of the 61st Brigade since its organization in Camp Bowie, was relieved of command on July 11 and ordered to Charleston, S. C., to assume command of the Atlantic Coast Artillery District. Gen. Blakeley had won the confidence of his men and they sincerely regretted his transfer. Upon his departure Col. Arthur Sholars, commander of the 132nd regiment, assumed command of the brigade.

On July 10, 1918, Camp Bowie was the scene of wild joy, the long hoped for order from headquarters authorizing the 61st Field Artillery to entrain July 16, for Hoboken, N. J., being received in the morning, and the pent up feelings of the soldiers found expression in feverish preparations for an early departure.

Where lassitude and inertia had reigned only a few hours before, excitement and activity now dominated. Men commenced to write home; they prepared

COLONEL ARTHUR R. SHOLARS,
Commander of 132nd F. A.
(See Appendix)

for inspections which they knew would come; invoice was taken of all property on hand and those who had a surplus were careful to see that it was boxed up and sent home so that their equipment would be in full compliance with oversea regulations; not a single thing was left undone that would retard their departure from camp. They worked with smiles and songs on their lips and everybody was gloriously happy. If there was a single individual in the brigade who was not glad to leave Camp Bowie he did not make his feelings known.

By the evening of July 15 the brigade was all set for entraining on the following day, and men answered taps only because they were required to do so. Very few slept during the night and all looked forward to the morrow as a red letter day in their lives.

II.

BOWIE TO MILLS

The morning of July 16th dawned clear and hot, but the heat was scarcely noticed by the hurrying men as they bustled about in final preparation for their departure from Camp Bowie. Tents were torn down and hurriedly taken away in trucks; barrack bags, stuffed to the limit, were thrown into waiting trucks to be hauled to the trains; men darted hither and thither over the camp, busy as bees preparing to swarm.

The First and Third Battalions of the 133rd F. A., and the whole 132nd regiment had entrained the previous day, leaving Bowie at eight-thirty a. m. The Second Battalion of the 131st F. A. was marched to the train and loaded on cars early in the morning, leaving a short while before noon. The 111th Trench Mortar Battery and Brigade Headquarters occupied their coaches by 11 o'clock in the morning and were away from camp by 1 p. m. The following day the First Battalion of the 131st and the 111th Ammunition Train waved farewell to Camp Bowie, the departure of these organizations taking the last soldiers of the 61st Brigade from Fort Worth, the scene of so many long, weary months of work during the past eleven months.

A part of the brigade traveled to Camp Mills over the northern route and a part over the southern route. Those traveling over the northern route went from Camp Bowie through northern Texas, over the Texas & Pacific railroad, to Durant, Oklahoma, having

passed through Denton, Collinsville and Denison, Texas on the way. At all of these places they were greeted by great demonstrations on the part of the citizens, who were at the stations in numbers to see the boys as they passed through and to bid them God-speed on their journey. At each station bevies of girls, garbed in the uniform of Red Cross workers, distributed sweetmeats, postcards and, in a few instances, kisses to the boys. Most of the units stopped at Denison for an hour or so in order to take exercise and while there were treated to many kindnesses.

Without stopping at Durant the trains proceeded into Oklahoma, passing through Caddo, Atoka, Kiowa, Savannah and other small towns until McAlester was reached. To many of the men this part of Oklahoma was familiar, though a majority of the Texas troops looked out in surprise upon the barren landscape with its rocky hills and many coal mines. The appearance of the rocks, which are composed largely of slate and granite, also proved to be a source of considerable interest.

After leaving McAlester, the trains passed through Eufaula and Checotah, arriving at Muskogee, one of the large cities of Oklahoma. A great many girls were in evidence in this town, some of them being so anxious to see the boys that they climbed into the coaches for that purpose. The boys from Texas were especially interested in these Oklahoma girls because so many of them were Indian girls.

Leaving Muskogee, the trains passed through the northeastern part of Oklahoma, arriving at another good-sized town, Parsons, Kansas, where the men saw the large yards of the M., K. & T. Railroad. To the east of Parsons the country showed signs of the

roughness that is so marked farther east toward the great mining districts in Missouri, but to the north and west the land lay in a great rolling prairie, fine crops of corn and wheat showing up well. From Parsons, the journey was continued through Ft. Scott, where the soldiers saw great numbers of negroes; and continuing on their way they passed through rich farm lands of eastern Kansas and western Missouri, where a number of prosperous towns were passed, until Sedalia was reached. Several of the units paraded in Sedalia, being hospitably treated by its citizens.

The next move brought the trains to the Missouri river, which was crossed a short distance from Boonville, Missouri, the men observing that the bridge over the river was carefully guarded by soldiers. Passing through the scenic lands of pretty hills and winding streams of Missouri the troops came again to the Missouri river and crossed over it on the large concrete bridge at St. Charles, Mo.

The most important city of the trip thus far was now approached, St. Louis being entered. St. Louis did not appeal to the men, for its dirty, grimy streets and old smoke-stained buildings compared very unfavorably with the fresh-looking, neat little cities of Texas and Oklahoma. In St. Louis many men who had not been north before had their first sight of factories, the large railroad station, viaducts and other features common to large cities.

Taking the Wabash tracks, the troop trains passed from St. Louis into Illinois, going through Litchfield to Decatur. Illinois presented great stretches of rich farm lands where tremendous crops of corn were being raised, and where many of the

COLONEL FRED LOGAN,
Commander of 133rd F. A.
(See Appendix.)

soldiers for the first time saw corn grown in such quantity.

Leaving Decatur, the troops were taken through Danville, over the state line to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where they observed the factories of the General Electric Company and the Wabash Railroad Company. It was here they had their first view of girls dressed in overalls.

The trains were divided at Fort Wayne, a part of them going to Toledo and thence to Detroit, while the others continued to Mansfield and Cleveland. Detroit seemed very attractive to the soldiers; they had heard enough about this wonderful city to be greatly pleased over passing through it.

Crossing the Detroit river on ferry boats, the trains were landed in Canada, where for the first time since their Mexican border experiences the men found themselves outside of the boundaries of their own country. They were much more favorably impressed with Canada, however, than they had been with Mexico. They passed through several Canadian towns and one of the men in relating the experiences of his trip said of the Canadian girls at Windsor, "They kissed us good-bye and hugged us; they were very nice girls."

Niagara Falls, Ontario, was reached early one morning, Niagara Falls, New York, being entered shortly thereafter. On the New York side the soldiers left the cars to see the famous water falls, and were much impressed by the wonderful sight.

From Niagara they passed through New York on the Lehigh Valley railroad, and stopped for a short time at Rochester. From Rochester they continued on their route through Pennsylvania and New Jersey to Jersey City.

The latter part of the trip had been the most beautiful for the scenery was varied and highly attractive; prosperous farm houses dotted the landscape and wealthy manufacturing towns were passed frequently. The roadbed of the Lehigh Valley lies for the most part along the bank of the Susquehannah river, which is one of the most beautiful little streams in the United States. Also during the evenings and nights the men greatly enjoyed watching the many burning furnaces along the route as these furnaces gave forth dancing flames of blue, yellow and white light.

That part of the train going by way of Cleveland also had a very enjoyable trip. Cleveland itself was visited by the soldiers and most of them were pleased with it. After Cleveland, the trains came to Erie, Pennsylvania, near which the cars were stopped and the men allowed to detrain for a bath in Lake Erie. They had been cooped up in berths for several days, and greatly enjoyed the water and played about in it for an hour or more.

Proceeding from Erie, the next large town reached was Buffalo, New York, where the troop trains were transferred to the D., L. & W. tracks, on which they remained until Jersey City was reached. The experience of these latter troops through New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey were similar to those who had just passed through these states on the Lehigh Valley railroad.

The section of the troops which started over the southern route entrained on the Cotton Belt tracks, going from Fort Worth through several northern Texas towns, the most important of which was Greenville, where they were accorded a most royal welcome, and were served with candy, cakes, watermelons and

postcards. Proceeding from Greenville they passed through Texas into Arkansas, to Pine Bluff, the largest town seen in Arkansas. They were entertained right merrily in Arkansas by the rough, hilly country, the proverbial Arkansas "hill-billies" and the noted rail-splitter hogs.

The trains next proceeded to Memphis, Tennessee, which southern metropolis seemed highly attractive to the men when they became acquainted with it. Many units were allowed to detrain here for a short time to visit the town.

Leaving Memphis a part of the trains proceeded across the Mississippi line and passed through Corinth to Chattanooga. The latter town, which played such an important part in the civil war, was visited for a short time by the troops and they were treated to the usual delicacies by Red Cross women.

The trains now passed through Tennessee to Knoxville, Johnson City and Bristol, going over the state line into Virginia. Radford and Roanoke were next passed, the trains later arriving at Lynchburg, also one of the cities that suffered greatly during the Civil war. Only a few miles from this point, the troops were told, was located the great natural bridge of Virginia.

The trip thus far through the old southern states had been very disappointing, for instead of finding prosperous lands full of beautiful homes and happy people the soldiers had seen uncultivated areas inhabited largely by negroes and poor white farmers, who apparently earned a meager livelihood by doing just enough farming to keep them alive. Their homes were dilapidated, their stock scrawny and poorly fed, and everything about them showed lack of attention and energy.

Leaving Lynchburg, the troops proceeded to Fredericksburg, Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia and Trenton, arriving finally at Jersey City.

The other division of this train left Memphis for Birmingham where they detrained a while to see the "Southern Pittsburgh." They were greatly impressed with this city, because of its clean broad streets, bustling population and beautiful buildings, and labeled it the most attractive city through which they had passed.

Proceeding from Birmingham, the trains next reached Atlanta, which though much older and less attractive than Birmingham, yet had an air of age that appealed to the men. The Red Cross women were especially fine here also.

Atlanta was soon left behind in the journey onward through Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina. Raleigh was the next city of importance reached, but the troops had become so accustomed to southern cities by this time that they paid little attention to Raleigh, except to notice that it was the capital of North Carolina.

From Raleigh the troops proceeded to Richmond, where a short stop was allowed to see the city. The men had heard so much about Atlanta that they expected to see a much more attractive city. than it proved to be.

After Richmond came Fredericksburg, from which they followed the same route as that taken by the other troops who had separated from them at Memphis. The remainder of the trip was much more interesting than the first part had been, as it lay over a part of the country rich in scenery and full of historical interest.

Washington, D. C., was especially interesting to the troops, though only a few of them were allowed to detrain for the purpose of seeing it. Every man made a strong effort to see the national capital and the White House, though the Washington monument and governmental buildings also came in for their share of interest. Then, too, the men anxiously sought a view of historical old Pennsylvania avenue and the wonderful statuary so abundant in Washington.

Baltimore proved interesting to the troops, chiefly because it was situated on Chesapeake bay, where the men felt that they could catch a whiff of ocean breezes. Philadelphia, because of its size and age, was also enjoyed. From Jersey City the reunited troops were transferred by ferry to Long Island, and in this trip passed under the three great bridges that join the Island with the mainland of New York City. When the ferry boats left the landing at Hoboken and the men felt themselves being carried on the water a thrill of excitement passed over them, for practically all realized that this was a small taste of what they would probably be experiencing on the Atlantic ocean within a short time.

Upon debarking from the ferry boats on Long Island they were loaded on trains which took them to a station near Camp Mills where they detrained, were formed in columns and marched to newly assigned quarters.

But even before becoming settled in camp at Mills discussion became rife about the wonderful trip they had just completed and practically all of the men wrote long letters home describing their experiences on this trip.

While at Camp Bowie they had become accustomed to sleeping on cots, between blankets, without

sheets or pillows but the Pullman cars which carried them across the continent, had provided berths with soft beds, white sheets and pillow cases and the men felt that on this trip they had been allowed to approach the status of respectable gentlemen. The berths, on the whole, had proved to be quite comfortable, though two men had been assigned to each lower and one man to each upper. After the first night or two, when the weather was unusually warm, they had been able to sleep well and their time had been spent quite pleasantly.

Each troop train had been provided with its kitchen car, where food was prepared and then served from buckets and pans, which were used by the K. Ps. in transferring food to the various coaches. The quality of food served was very good, considering the fact that it was field rations. The men had jolly good times serving and eating their meals, sitting beside open windows through which they watched the changing scenery and threw wastage from their mess-kits. After each meal the kitchen police provided buckets of hot water in which mess utensils were washed and as soon as this task was completed normal car life had always been resumed.

The chief source of entertainment during the trip had been afforded by pretty girls seen in each town passed, the men having made a point of talking to as many of them as possible. Many a lass gave her address to a soldier as he passed through her town, with the coy suggestion that she would be interested in knowing whether or not he safely arrived in France; and thousands of addresses of the soldiers had been left to these girls along the route. Exchanges of addresses produced some highly laughable correspondence after the soldiers had arrived in France and

many photographs found their way to interested parties on both sides of the Atlantic.

The work of the Red Cross had been universally pleasing to the soldiers; candy, cookies, coffee, nuts, fruits of all kinds, sandwiches and a thousand other kinds of sweets had been served at the various stops on the trip. Moreover, the men had received all of the cards they could mail to their homefolks, and there had always been plenty of willing hands to post the cards after they were written. When the Red Cross women could not take care of all of the mail the soldier boys handed to them, accommodating men and boys came to their rescue and accepted letters and cards to post.

Every town or city entered by the troops had always proved of interest. Someone had been at the station to welcome and to give a hearty God-speed to the boys on their way to the coast. The men felt grateful as well as pleased over the manner in which the American people along their route had greeted them, and many a man felt that he had been really appreciated for the first time in his life while on this trip, and since he was making a great sacrifice and had been torn by the emotions of leaving home and everything he considered dear, these manifestations had touched him more than they ordinarily would have done.

The men appreciated having been acclaimed so freely and generously by the "homefolks," on their way to embark for Europe and the battlefields, and in passing through the scenes of so many historic battles of the Civil war their imaginations had been fired with the similarity of their positions and those of the world-famous veterans of the Civil war. In

spite of themselves, they felt that they were doing a great thing and it had pleased and satisfied their vanity to know that they were being "fussed over."

During the trip the men had shown a capacity to make themselves comfortable and reasonably happy even under unpleasant conditions, providing they were moving. This faculty was later demonstrated on many occasions, though it was always lost if they were forced to remain long in one place. They proved the oft quoted saying that "a soldier is never so happy as when he is moving and is never so unhappy as when he cannot move at all."

The country had afforded the men much entertainment at first, but as the trip progressed and became more or less of a grind, they had become tired of looking at a new country and had turned to themselves for amusements. They had played cards, told stories and perpetrated many practical jokes upon one another to break the monotony of the long, tiresome days. Then, too, many had provided themselves with books before leaving camp and these book-lovers had enjoyed long hours with their authors, if so fortunate as to have secured works of their favorite writers.

Reading had not been universal, by any means, but those who had enjoyed themselves in such manner had done so with little molestation. In this respect the soldiers had proved courteous, never having attempted to interfere with any man while he had endeavored to study or read.

During the trip every man had become hoarse, for it had proved to be impossible to pass through wide-awake cheering towns without entering into the hilarity and good humor of the populace, who always came out to see the boys pass through. A fel-

low who had not participated in the merriment at this time had not been normal and one of the bunch—either too sorrowful over his home-leaving or a "poor stick." The fellows always commenced shouting as soon as a town came in sight and had continued as long as any trace of the towns remained in view. Likewise, they had lost no opportunity in properly greeting all attractive maids whom they were so fortunate as to have seen along the route. The smiling, buxom negro maids had afforded much fun for the men, too, as they had never tired of joking these dusky southern belles. They had made love to all girls, both white and black, and because of their swift passage through the various towns, had not been particular to which kind they devoted their attentions. They had wanted a jolly time and had not been choice as to how they were to get it.

The first part of the trip had not been so interesting to the men because they were more familiar with the topography of the country through which they had passed and also knew the type of people better there than they did farther east. However, after having passed the Mississippi river at Memphis, most of the men had seen the Old South for the first time and just as soon as they had turned north from Virginia and had begun to enter New England all had begun to see entirely new country and new methods of life. They had found to their surprise that the East, which they had always thought so up-to-date and modern, was in reality much more backwoodsy and unattractive than their home states. Of course, the big cities had produced a different effect by showing the men that they were entirely unacquainted with city life as it was lived in the East; but they had soon observed that city life in the Southwest was infinitely

superior to that of the East. They had been greatly benefitted by this eye-opening process and were thereby made so much better satisfied with the homes they had left in Texas and Oklahoma. The freedom and breadth of their home land impressed them as never before, and when they had seen the congested conditions prevailing in the East they had felt that the free stretches of the Southwest, where they could ride for days and days and not come in contact with too much civilization, was much preferable to this congested country, where people were jammed and packed together. The mesquite and cactus of Mexico seemed more attractive to their disgusted eyes than the dingy, dirty streets and houses of these cities.

Yet they realized that the East was to be their home for several days, until they could be prepared for overseas, and they had been keenly interested in everything they saw there. They had noted the streets, houses, street cars, automobiles and all other things to be seen in an Eastern city, pledging themselves to become more familiar with these things before leaving for France.

Hoboken had been unusually interesting to the men because it was here for the first time that they had seen the waters of New York harbor. The little, worn ferries, which had looked to these landsmen to be large and commodious, had been scrutinized with exceptional care for they had seen in them the first representation of water travel and had been anxious to get the feel of the water as the ferries glided through it. They had thought that the movement of the ferries would likely make them feel slightly seasick, few realizing at that time just how different was this little trip across the Sound to the long trip across the Atlantic.

Long Island had been a surprise to almost every man in the Brigade, for all had expected to see a small island, probably covered almost exclusively by a camp, instead of a large stretch of rolling land, on which cities and towns had been built and between which trains and street cars passed with the usual city frequency. They had seen with surprise that they were to be loaded on trains and carried over several miles of country, about thirty miles, as they had later learned. Very little difference had been discerned between the buildings on the Long Island side or the Jersey side, which caused the men to realize what Brooklyn meant in contradistinction to New York. They had always thought of New York as a city itself and not as being composed of Brooklyn also, though, they had never before realized just what Brooklyn really was.

It was with genuine surprise that the soldiers had made their trip across Long Island to Camp Mills, and their surprise had not been lessened one whit by the camp when they had arrived at it. They had had no idea at Bowie when talking about Camp Mills that it was such a large camp and on such a large island.

III.

CAMP MILLS

By July 22 the entire Brigade was established at Camp Mills, the 111th Ammunition Train being the last unit to arrive.

The Brigade was met here by Brig. Gen. John E. Stephens, who assumed command on July 20, Col. Arthur R. Sholars, being relieved as Brigade Commander and returned to duty with the 132d F. A. No change was made in the officer personnel of Brigade Headquarters, Major Wilton L. Rutan, being retained as Adjutant, assisted by 1st Lieut. B. E. Judson.

The first acts of the soldiers after they had been assigned quarters and given freedom was to rush to the bath houses, where they removed the traces of their long trip across the continent. The bathing facilities at Camp Mills were very good but the men soon dreaded to get under the showers because of the cold water. No warm water was available, however, and they had to bathe in this cold water or not bathe at all.

The first day or two in Camp Mills were spent in attempting to familiarize themselves with the Camp; but after making several trips in various directions over it the men realized that their efforts along this line were proving futile, because of the tremendous size of the place and the short time they were to be stationed there. Bowie had seemed large to them but when they learned that there were probably 90,000 or

100,000 troops stationed at Mills they realized that this was one of the largest camps in the United States.

While a tent camp, Mills differed considerably from Camp Bowie; its streets were broader, its tents large, the ground on which it was located was more level and its general arrangement was more compact and convenient. So many units passed through it every week that it was difficult to know where each unit was located, though by means of careful street numbering and the establishment of definite avenues of traffic, this difficulty was greatly reduced. The men soon learned that they must carefully follow map directions if they were to find their way about with any degree of ease, though the camp was so large and so uniformly constructed that some became lost even when this care was exercised.

A considerable amount of freedom was allowed troops passing through Camp Mills, but at no time was there permitted a relaxation of cleanliness. It is true that the men left Mills with the feeling that it was about as dirty a camp as they had seen, but this attitude was the result of the great amount of sand and dust that constantly blew over the island. This could not be avoided, though every effort was made by camp authorities to counteract the conditions as much as possible; sprinklers were kept running constantly and most of the streets were oiled regularly. Where such a large number of men were assembled it was impossible to escape annoyance from the dust which accumulated in spite of all efforts to oppose it.

Mills was quite happily located near many small towns and was only two hour's ride from New York City. The closeness of this great city provided soldiers with entertainment, many people of New York driving out to Mills in automobiles each evening to

COLONEL CLAUDE V. BIRKHEAD,
Commander of 131st F. A.
(See Appendix.)

take the boys riding in the city. These rides were most enjoyable, and the men from the South were really surprised at such generous hospitality by the Northern people, whom they had supposed to be so cold and undemonstrative. Nothing could have proved more conclusively that the old feelings of the Civil War were completely erased than just such acts on the part of citizens of New York City.

At one end of the camp was located the Mineola Aviation Field and it was a common sight to see a number of planes circling over camp, doing many stunts and affording entertainment for the soldiers. In this respect the men of the 61st felt that Mills was more homelike, for at Bowie they had been accustomed to numbers of airplanes over their camp. The planes at Mills differed from those at Bowie, in size and shape, many of them being larger and some being seaplanes, which latter type the men had not seen before. Moreover, it was noticeable that the planes here did most of their training in fighting formation, while at Bowie they flew about at random, apparently unaccustomed to any special formation. The aviators seemed to fly lower over the camp at Mills than at any other place where the 61st had been quartered; it was no unusual experience to be awakened in the early mornings by the loud purr of powerful motors as the pilots sailed over the tents at a height of fifty or seventy-five feet. Sometimes the men felt that the flyers took unnecessary chances, both for themselves and for the soldiers, by flying so close to the tents, but in most instances the stunts of the aviators appealed to the sporting instincts of the admiring onlookers who often burst forth into cheers for the daring and skill of the airmen.

Shortly after the arrival of all units of the 61st Brigade, overseas equipment was issued. The clothes the men had brought with them were turned in to the Camp Quartermaster in exchange for new equipment. To their surprise they were forced to exchange their khaki trousers and other summer clothes for heavy woolen clothing, the latter being required for overseas men. It was here, too, that they bade farewell to their service hats, which were supplanted by dinky little overseas caps. Likewise, canvas leggings had to give way to spiral puttees, and russet shoes were exchanged for heavy hob-nails.

They were allowed to retain only one blanket, though it proved to be entirely insufficient to keep them warm at Camp Mills even at this time of year.

Heavy underwear, one pair of gloves, four pairs of socks, an extra pair of hob-nail shoes, an overcoat and a raincoat, completed the chief items of their equipment.

To these men who had been accustomed to the protection of broad brimmed service hats, the little overseas skull caps seemed anything but satisfactory, either bright sunshine or rain disclosing that they were in no sense a head protection. It took only a few days, however, for the men to become accustomed to their new headgear after which they would not have exchanged for the service hats if given the opportunity.

When the soldiers received their first winter equipment, clothes were spread at random over most of the camp occupied by the Brigade, and Supply Sergeants were kept busy in seeing their men properly equipped. Difficulty was encountered in securing proper sizes in clothes, many men being compelled to

leave for France with ill-fitting uniforms and poorly supplied with other necessary apparel. For some reason, which has never been satisfactorily explained, the order to turn in all bedding except one bed-sack and blanket was received and the men, under protest, were forced to accept the ruling.

They were assured, however, that the extra clothing they were turning in was to be placed in the holds of the vessels on which they were to sail and that it would be reissued to them when they arrived in France. History records that what really happened was as follows: The clothes were placed in the holds of the ships, but upon arrival in France were issued to men going to the Front and the men of the 61st never saw them again. Even woolens, whether issued by the Red Cross or received as presents, were taken up and many men saw nothing further of them, though after they arrived in France considerable grumbling resulted from this injustice.

Especial instructions were issued to all men about the personal property they were to be allowed to take over with them, in almost every instance the advice being that not a thing foreign to the absolute allowance from the Q. M. could possibly "get by." Several of the bolder spirits refused to harken to this advice and maneuvered to keep their stuff with them. Some used special boxes which they painted in military colors and labeled in such a way as to alleviate suspicion on the part of the supposedly vigilant embarkation officials and others boldly rolled their valuables in their packs and trusted to luck to get them past the authorities when they were being loaded on the ships. All of these free spirits were successful in taking their property with them, for instead of finding it difficult to get material aboard ships at the docks, the

men found that they could have taken almost anything with them. Both officers and men alike were badly fooled in this respect and promised to remember how they had been hoodwinked, when they started home. It is a matter of record, however, that most of them were so afraid of doing something that would serve to hold them longer in France that upon receiving orders to embark for home they were unwilling to attempt the carrying of questionable property aboard with them.

But most men were willing to accept any restrictions in order to get overseas, for they realized that military rules were necessary in the handling of great numbers of men at the ports of embarkation. They subjected themselves to more inconvenience in the army than in any other place, because they had little voice in their own control and were also unwilling to hinder in any way the carrying forward of the main work of the army. This was especially true where the men were in sympathy with the activities of the nation and were desirous of doing all within their power to see the war fought to a successful conclusion.

During the war the army was made into a great heartless machine, but there was not a man in it who felt that it could be otherwise, since he realized that only by means of such an organization could our nation successfully carry on its part of the war.

Life in Mills while not very strenuous was confining, for all men had to remain in their quarters ready to be called out at any time orders were issued for special duty to be performed by them. They were inspected regularly every day, both for disease and for lice, and a portion of every day was spent in

LT. COLONEL STEVENSON,
Commander of 111th Ammunition Train.
(See Appendix.)

drill. Also, substantial details were furnished daily to the camp authorities to assist in routine duties of the camp.

Whenever opportunity permitted, and in many instances when it did not permit, the men went to New York City. The commanding officers of most units showed a proper spirit of helpfulness by doing all they could to assist their men in visiting New York City. Many passes were issued and practically all of the men in the Brigade saw New York before leaving Mills.

The City proved a revelation to the Southerners, for a great many of them before entering the army, had spent their lives on farms, and were entirely unfamiliar with city life, especially the type of life displayed in a city like New York. Very few of them had been East before and all were eager to spend as much time as possible in the great City.

Those who did visit New York threaded the busy streets, taking in the sights of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, names almost as familiar to them as street names in their home towns. Everything they saw interested them; the magnificent automobiles speeding along the thoroughfares, the great street cars, packed and jammed at all times, people of all descriptions from the poorest beggars to the most richly dressed inhabitants of Wall Street, the window displays, theaters, subways and thousands of other things, all fired their imagination and gave them a sense of bewildering exhilaration over being in the heart of the nation's metropolis.

The soldier arriving in New York City with a pass in his pocket and money to spend was indeed fortunate, for he had the whole world before him. He

could attend a metropolitan show; he could go riding in one of the city's wonderfully equipped automobiles; or if he so desired he could go to the parks or botanical gardens—the city afforded him opportunity to entertain himself in any way he chose. His time was all his own, his money was good and he could get all possible enjoyment out of life before embarking for France. To say that he enjoyed himself is trite; he did much more: he had the time of his life.

It is surprising how the men from prohibition states restrained themselves in New York City. Of course, they realized that in case they became intoxicated it would be next to impossible for them to find their way back to camp, and to fail to return to camp was suicidal, yet many men, placed as they were, would have been unable to control their appetites and would have become drunk regardless of the consequences. There was some drunkenness, of course, for in every group of men, wherever assembled, there are always some who are unable to control themselves.

New York was not the only point of interest visited by the soldiers of the 61st; Coney Island, Atlantic City, Hoboken, and the many little towns adjacent to Camp Mills, engaged the attention of the men. There were ample places for the soldiers to visit providing they had the freedom and money to do so.

Coney Island seemed to appeal to the soldiers more than any of the other pleasure spots, and hosts of men from the camp "took it in" every night. These men returned each morning with most marvelous tales about the wonderful things they had seen at Coney Island, and they discussed the boat rides they had taken, the sensations afforded by the "ocean waves," how exciting had been their trips in the giant Ferris wheel, and so on, until men who had not been there

swore that if opportunity presented itself they would surely see that wonderful place.

The same sentiment prevailed with regard to Atlantic City, where bathing enthusiasts were given the pleasure of taking dips in the ocean. Men went to Atlantic City in hordes and it seemed to be the universal opinion among them that such another wonderful amusement spot could not be found on the globe.

To the soldiers so unfortunate as not to be allowed to leave camp or who because of lack of funds could not visit any of the noted pleasure resorts, Hempstead, Jamaica and Mineola offered opportunities to get away from camp for a few hours and to enjoy the atmosphere of town. These little towns were visited by thousands, who literally overran them, buying soft drinks, attending shows and otherwise spending their time enjoyably.

Adjacent to the camp were located a number of stores and eating places, where the soldiers could buy little articles of clothing and such food as they desired, but the prices charged by the keepers of these places were so exorbitant that the soldiers felt they were being robbed everytime they did any trading there. Regardless of this condition, however, they thronged these spots each evening in truly enormous crowds.

The camp also afforded ample means of entertainment, some of the theaters and Y. M. C. A. huts comparing favorably with the more costly play houses in the towns. The builders of Mills had seen to it that nothing was left undone to make the camp complete for soldiers who passed through enroute to Europe, and the men left the United States feeling

that they had been very pleasantly treated during their last few days in the country. It seemed that the camp authorities had caught the vision of the soldiers as they made final preparations for their work overseas and had realized how a fellow must feel during the last few days before leaving his home country, for Camp Mills provided especially for the comfort of both his body and mind.

While entertainment was the prime motive of most of the visiting in New York City, Coney Island and other noted pleasure spots, many of the men realized that they were having the opportunity of a life-time in being allowed to acquaint themselves with the East and to secure first hand information about it. They felt that in all likelihood this would be their only opportunity to learn about this part of the United States and they desired to utilize their opportunity to the fullest extent. Their entertainment was of the right sort, for not only did they have good times, enjoying themselves as fully as the fellows who were out for a good time only, but they also made their entertainment a matter of business and derived much benefit from it.

These men were not content to see Fifth Avenue and Broadway only, but they secured automobiles and drove over the city; they visited the great libraries; they went to see the Botanical Gardens and great zoos; they became acquainted with the subway system, not merely as riders but also as persons interested in knowing its ramifications, size and general usefulness; they attended some good plays and musical numbers; they lunched in some of the noted cafes; in fine, they did all they could to learn as much as possible about New York City.

While in Mills the men spent so much money that by the time they left for France very few had any funds to spend on the voyage. This fact militated against them in many ways while they were enroute to Europe and many a man wished he had not been so free with his money while visiting "Little Old Noo York."

After the men had been at Camp Mills for five or six days they began to grow restless for embarkation orders; rumors again became prevalent and the men were deluged with all kinds of reports. But it was not until July 29 that orders were received starting them on their long expected voyage.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 29th the soldiers of the Brigade, under full pack and thoroughly equipped for overseas duty, commenced filing out of camp to the trains which were waiting to transfer them over Long Island, to the transport docks. Being quickly loaded on these trains they were hauled the thirty miles to the docks and loaded on ferry boats which took them to the Jersey shore. Here they were arranged according to carefully prepared passenger lists, which had been in the hands of the port authorities for several days awaiting their arrival, and were immediately marched to the piers, alongside of which lay the great transports which were to carry them to France.

While waiting for the opportunity of going aboard the ships, the men were treated to cookies, coffee, tobacco and "safe arrival" post cards by Red Cross women. This was their first real experience with the Red Cross but proved to be only an introduction to the many kindnesses they were to receive from that splendid organization.

Aside from the time occupied with the Red Cross in receiving gifts—chiefly food, which the soldiers spent some time in the enjoyment of eating—the men passed several hours of unpleasant waiting on the piers. As soon as they were unloaded from the ferries, they were formed in columns, care being devoted to the proper location of each man so that he would appear in his place when his name was called from the passenger lists, and they were started toward the ships. Progress was very slow here, however, due to the large number of troops being taken aboard the liners, and the men had to be satisfied with a snail's pace. Heavy packs were shifted from floor to shoulders and from shoulders to floor so many times that the men became very weary, especially since no man was allowed to sit down even for a moment, the officers not knowing when their units would be ordered to embark and therefore were more or less nervous and hard on their men. Moreover, the men had to move so often they could not get settled even a moment until required to move forward a few more inches, every inch of space in the piers being utilized.

They were constantly reminded by their officers to be careful when their time came to pass the Embarkation Officers, for if they did not respond properly to their names when called they would not be allowed to embark but would be returned to Camp Mills and later sent over to France with a casual outfit. This possibility was sufficient within itself to cause the men to be careful, for every man realized what it would mean to be separated from his comrades and placed in a casual group, and this, combined with their intense desire to get to France and participate in the war, made them as docile as lambs. Every man religiously complied with the

orders of his officers and was "Johnny on the spot" when his name was called.

While being ferried from Long Island to Hoboken, the troops had noted with interest the many ocean liners docked at the various piers, but their attention was directed especially to one giant ship, which so towered above all the others as to make it conspicuous. Word was passed along the line that this was the Leviathan, the old Vaterland, which had been taken from the Germans at the beginning of the war. They looked at this ship with awe hoping they would be fortunate enough to embark upon her. They knew her record—how she had been able to defy the many German submarines that had attempted to sink her on her various trips across the Atlantic and that her commander had refused to bother with convoys, since the speed of his ship was so great that no convoying ship could keep pace with her. In fact, it was in the Leviathan's speed alone that the naval authorities depended for her safe threading of the dangerous European waters.

When final orders came and each unit of troops had safely passed the embarkation officers, the men made it their first duty to ascertain the name of the ship they had boarded, all except the 111th Trench Mortar Battery being disappointed in their hopes of being placed on the Leviathan. The Brigade was divided among the three ships, U. S. S. Siboney, U. S. S. Calamares and U. S. S. Orizaba.

The men were quartered in small areas in each ship and were therefore greatly congested, the bunks they occupied being iron frames about three feet by six feet, over which heavy canvas was stretched, arranged in tiers of three each, the tiers being placed

in such manner that two men slept practically side by side, divided only by the central iron bar which formed the inner frame of the bunks. These tiers of double bunks ran lengthwise of each deck, normally from five to ten of them, separated by narrow aisles, filling each deck. When the size of these sleeping decks, each of which was about forty feet wide by three hundred feet long, accommodating eight or ten triple decked double tiers extending the full three hundred feet in length, is taken into consideration it can be realized what a large number of troops were thrown together in each little space.

The soldiers were allowed to come up on deck and walk about but none were allowed to leave the ships during the fifty-two hours in which the loaded ships lay in the harbor, and they became thoroughly familiar with their surroundings and learned for the first time how a ship was constructed and what a huge task it was to keep it in a spick and span condition. The sailors were also interesting studies, though the military men stood in considerable awe of their naval brothers. Certain places were roped off on each deck and the soldiers soon learned to keep away from them, as they were sacred to the sailors.

Before sailing the men became thoroughly tired and wondered when they were ever to get started on their ocean voyage. They prayed for an early departure, and their prayers were finally answered by a tardy departure on the second day after they went aboard the ships.

IV.

THE VOYAGE TO FRANCE

About two o'clock on the afternoon of July 31st, 1918, sailing orders were received by the five ships comprising the convoy which was to carry the 61st Field Artillery to France. Men on the ships had been expecting the order for several hours but did not know it had been given until they saw harbor tug boats come along-side the ocean liners to attach hawsers with which to tow the big ships from the docks. Every movement of the tugs was watched with the keenest interest and though the soldiers were ordered to show no demonstrations of excitement they swarmed over the decks and hung over the rails to see everything that was being done in this great adventure of theirs.

The tug boats, after having attached hawsers to iron pillars on the decks of the ships, started gently toward the channel of the harbor and the great ships, quivering and trembling, were gradually drawn away from the docks until they settled down into the water of the channel.

Except for the fact that they had just witnessed the work of the tugs and could see the water of the harbor apparently floating slowly past the sides of their vessels the soldiers would have been unable to know that the big vessels were moving. They settled so gradually into the water and cut through it with such ease that it seemed to the inexperienced landmen that an ocean voyage certainly could not be as

disagreeable as they had always been led to believe. They said to themselves that ships as large as the ones they were on, which took to the water in the natural way they did, certainly could not be bothered much by ordinary ocean waves.

These thoughts passed fleetingly through their minds while the vessels were moving toward the harbor channel and were being adjusted to make way under their own steam. But after the liners had gotten well under way and had sailed majestically up the harbor, past Staten Island, where the Statue of Liberty had seemed to smile a last farewell, the preliminary excitement subsided and the seriousness of what they were undertaking occupied the thoughts of many. They realized that their past was probably forever cut from them, that the established landmarks of their lives were slowly passing from their vision; they understood, for the first time since they had been in the service, that they were starting on a long, dangerous journey over three thousand miles of sea, protected only by the two battle cruisers and one submarine chaser which formed part of the convoy.

In passing the Statue of Liberty the men seemed deeply touched, for months afterwards, while undergoing many hardships in France, they often referred to the Statue of Liberty and seemed to have retained a vivid impression of this wonderful guardian of New York harbor. A great number waved actual adieus to Miss Liberty, but whether or not any demonstrations were made by individuals, she was the center of interest for all on board the ocean bound ships.

The convoy, composed of five troop ships, two battle cruisers and one submarine chaser, left Hoboken under the guidance of a pilot cutter which led the convoy out into the harbor until about dusk, dur-

ing which time the point of Long Island was rounded.

Brigade Headquarters Detachment and the 131st Regiment sailed on the U. S. S. Siboney. The 132nd Regiment and the 111th Ammunition Train were aboard the U. S. S. Orizaba. The 133rd Regiment sailed on the U. S. S. Calamares. The 111th Trench Motor Battery did not embark with this convoy, but sailed three days later on the U. S. S. Leviathan.

During the time they had been aboard their ships in the harbor the men of the 61st had become more or less accustomed to their quarters and to ship life, but shortly after the voyage was started they quickly learned that the sailor in harbor was a creature much different from the sailor at sea.

They saw to their surprise that the sailors were busily occupied all hours of the day and night with their work and it early became evident that the naval men were not too thoughtful of their military guests. When naval officers ordered, the soldiers learned to obey, almost as promptly as the sailors did, and they were assisted in this education by petty officers and burly sailors, who willingly interpreted the orders for the soldiers.

Moreover, the difference between the food that was served to the sailors and that served to the soldiers impressed the soldiers with the importance of the naval men, and the result was that they tried to ingratiate themselves into the good graces of the middies. They found to their sorrow, however, that there was nothing sympathetic or philanthropic about the hard-hearted sailors, who apparently took delight in keeping the soldiers away from the naval dining rooms and drinking places and refused even to be approached unless they were paid for their trouble.

The soldiers were amazed at the wholesale transfer of government property between the sailors and gullible soldiers. But even the most virtuous and shocked waived their conscientious scruples and prayerfully appealed to the sailors for food, regardless of the price they were forced to pay or of the manner in which the food was procured, before they finished the voyage. Their starved condition made them willing to do almost anything to get food.

The soldiers kept practically all passageways choked because of their moving about on the ships and when petty officers appeared on deck it became customary for them to yell "gangway, for a petty officer." This became so frequent as to be finally adopted as a military figure of speech which later was used frequently after the soldiers arrived in France.

The center of interest for the first few hours at sea was the ever-changing, mysterious ocean and the new and elating sensation of being on water. No thought of danger was in the minds of the men while they were in home waters, for the convoy sailed down the Atlantic coast within a few miles of land.

The heat was noticeable even in New York harbor but as the ships moved down the coast toward the south it became intensely oppressive and the men kept to the decks as much as possible. They were assembled on the decks the first evening to receive orders about ship regulations and to locate their places for abandon ship drill and deck exercises, and as nearly as possible remained there during the voyage.

In New York harbor the serving of meals had not been disagreeable to the soldiers, though the quality of the food served and the manner of serving it

scarcely appealed to their appetites. But, upon going below at 8 o'clock to mess on the first evening out the men realized that what had seemed poor food in New York harbor was most excellent in comparison with what they were to be served while at sea.

The mess halls were large rooms in the hold of the ships and the men mere herded into them like hogs and cattle. The food was served by Kitchen Police selected from the soldiers, and was made up chiefly of evil tasting slum, potatoes with the jackets on and occasionally an extra vegetable or two, all served together in a mess kit in sparing quantities. Long narrow food troughs, which were built to about the height of a man's waist, were placed so close together in the mess halls that the passage ways between them were incapable of accommodating two men back to back and those who ate were forced to sandwich themselves into the limited space as satisfactorily as possible.

To the rear of the mess halls were stationed narrow galvanized troughs in which boiling water was constantly running from pipes. As the men finished their meals they were supposed to wash their mess kits in the hot water of these troughs and to file out of the mess halls, returning to their quarters.

Meal tickets, printed in such a manner that they contained places to be punched for three meals each day, were issued to the soldiers shortly after they came aboard their ships and it was required that every man present his ticket to a mess officer at the door of his mess hall, at each meal, and have it properly punched before being allowed to enter. This system proved to be the worst sort of inconvenience, the facilities for serving meals being so inadequate

that it took two or three hours to get all the troops served, and experience soon taught the men that "first come first served." As a result lines were formed in the passage ways of the ships leading to the mess halls often an hour or two before the time scheduled for meals. The congestion caused by this jamming, coupled with the close living quarters, caused the men to become hot before reaching the mess halls and when they did finally arrive they were confronted with hot steam from the washing troughs and such foul odors from poorly cooked and unappetizing food that their appetities were ruined.

Even if a man entered the mess hall with a keen appetite he was indeed fortunate to succeed in geting past the serving stand in safety; but in case he was so fortunate and did retain his food and his appetite, he was disappointed, for either a considerable amount of the food served to him was impossible to eat or it was served in such small quantities that it failed to satisfy his hunger. Yet he dare not attempt to secure a second serving, for stern, pity-proof officers were planted at advantageous points in the mess hall to see that he didn't receive an extra amount of food. But regardless of all the precautionary methods used by officers of the mess hall, many men carried their drying cloths with them and after having washed their mess kits covertly dried them and slipped into line between two good-natured fellows, thereby reaching the serving posts a second time.

During the first day or two, however, there was not the bustle in the mess halls or the clamor for food as just described; on the contrary these halls were practically abandoned, the place of chief interest being the rails on deck. Many soldiers, upon leaving New York harbor, laughed at the possibility of becoming

sea-sick, as the ships glided so smoothly through the water that they could not understand how such a thing could be possible; but after they had eaten their first six o'clock meal at sea these stalwart gentlemen were to be found on deck "enjoying the evening sea breezes." A marked change was noticeable in them: If one had been especially vivacious and possibly a bit boisterous up to this time he was seen to be either leaning over the rail gazing into the briny waters with a pensive expression in his eyes and as the boys called it, "sort of white about the gills." Or he might be seen sitting stiffly upon some part of the deck, gazing straight before him, with a set expression on his face and his complexion turned to a peculiar, sallow paleness. In either instance if you approached him "to inquire about the weather" he would reward you with a smile or a sheepish grin, and perchance, if the spirit was heavy upon him, he might thrust you roughly aside and make a dash for the rail, shouting as he ran, "make way for me," "gangway," or "let me through," after which he would do his full duty to the kind fishes who were waiting below.

Sea-sickness became so universal on the first evening that rail space on the deck became entirely inadequate and conditions aboard ships were far from desirable. The situation would not have been so bad had the men been less congested but as the ships were loaded to their utmost capacity every little space was fully utilized.

Most of the men were able to overcome their seasickness by the morning of the second day out and soldier life became practically settled by this time. The men learned their surroundings, the novelty of

the voyage wore off and the dangers of their position again recurred to them.

From the moment of boarding his ship, each man was instructed to observe every precaution while on the voyage, for it was pointed out to him that any little slip might result in the sinking of one or more ships of the convoy by German submarines. No smoking was allowed on decks after dark; no lights were permitted in the ship except in such spots as were protected from outside view; and if the men wanted to smoke during the evening they could do so only in the wash rooms and toilets, where their lighted cigarettes could not be seen.

A definite drill schedule was quickly established, and the soldiers were required to strictly comply with it. Each evening before retiring all organizations were formed on their proper decks for abandon ship drill. Each morning, early, this same drill was repeated, the men being called on deck for this purpose during the first part of the voyage, at five o'clock a. m. They were called earlier and earlier each morning until by the time they had reached the danger zone in European waters they were being called at half past two and three o'clock. But regardless of how early they arose each morning, the men were always held in formation on deck until after sunrise and the signal had been received that everything was safe for that morning.

It was understood by all that in case the ships were attacked by submarines an alarm would be sounded by ship sirens, at which time every man was to take his place on deck. When the danger had passed the whistle of some designated ship was to be blown in a series of five short blasts.

At all hours of the day and night a submarine watch, composed of soldiers, was stationed at vantage points on the gunner's deck. Each man who served as a submarine guard did so twice a day for periods of one hour each. His post consisted of a definite amount of ocean, as measured by an appropriate amount of rail space, and he was held responsible to see that no submarine or anything of suspicious character appeared in his water without his turning in the proper alarm for it. The responsibility upon the submarine guard was so great that contrary to all ordinary military regulations a soldier on guard was instructed to intently watch his space of ocean and not to face an officer to salute when questioned or approached by one. He was ordered to stand at attention whenever the officer approached his post but his courtesy to the officer ended there.

Though the men realized the responsibility resting upon them while they were on watch for submarines, the two hours each day spent on guard were among the most enjoyable of the trip. Placed where the ocean breezes had full play upon them and receiving frequent sprays of salt water in their faces, they felt a bouyancy and vigor that more than repaid them for their strenuous, tireless gazing at the constantly moving water.

The greatest strain upon the men was that occasioned by their intent gaze at the bright water. The eyes always became tired enough to smart and burn, for the attempt to steadily gaze at a considerable amount of the ocean in an effort to catch even the faintest signs of matter on the water, and the determination to be constantly on the alert, strained their vision to utmost capacity. The men tried to see everything that passed before them, for they realized that

an oversight on their part might mean the destruction of a transport and the loss of many lives.

After leaving New York harbor, the convoy cruised down the Atlantic coast until it reached Norfolk, at which point it was joined by four transports and two submarine chasers, these ships increasing the size of the convoy to nine transports, two battle cruisers and three submarine chasers. It then proceeded down the coast a short distance and put out to high seas, following the southern route to France.

The men from Texas and Oklahoma had learned in camp of the capacity of soldiers to create and set afloat rumors of all possible descriptions but they found to their surprise that they were only apprentices in this gentle art when compared with sailors. More rumors were "uncorked" on the unsuspecting and credulous soldiers during the first day or two they were aboard ship than they had heard in double that space of time in their palmiest days at Camp Bowie They heard all sorts of rumors about the length of time the convoy would be on the water, some saying six days and some sixteen days, according to the optimism of the individual who was producing the information. Also they were edified by sailors who obligingly recounted the numerous naval experiences which the gallant crews of their ships had experienced in previous voyages across the Atlantic.

To hear some gifted sailor relate his experiences during the time he had been in the naval service of the United States was to convince the soldier that he had made a serious mistake in joining the army; but as the soldier became better acquainted with the sailor and saw his life of drudgery on the big ships he felt better satisfied over his own lot.

One of the most attractive features of the voyage was the entertainment furnished by flying fish. These little creatures, apparently about six inches in length and with a wing spread of four or five inches, emerged from the waves with the velocity of catapults, their tails lashing the water with such speed and force that they were projected clear of the ocean's surface for a speedy sail over the water until the crest of another smaller wave was touched and they were able to secure another flight or to enter the water and vanish from sight.

For several hours after the first flying fish were observed it was common opinion that they were birds, for they skimmed over the water with such apparent ease and speed that the boys felt sure nothing but birds could pass through the air in such a manner. And they did look like birds, especially resembling swallows.

The men were also interested in watching for big fish, though they were disappointed in not seeing any whales or sharks, the only large fish observed being porpoise, which were often seen in considerable numbers. It was astonishing how these clumsy looking fish swam so rapidly through the water, but they were able easily to keep abreast of the ships though the liners made a speed of twenty miles an hour.

For a distance of about three hundred miles the ships were accompanied by sea gulls, the majority of these birds being of the medium-sized, white variety which never tired in their flight and were to be seen at all hours of the day and night wheeling and turning up and down over the waters and about the ships. Occasionally, after the liners had gotten farther out at sea, a huge black gull could be seen wending his

solitary way across the waters, apparently not interested in the course he followed or the destination he was to reach. These big birds remained in sight of the ships until they were possibly five hundred miles from the coast.

But regardless of other sources of interest, the ocean proved to be the chief interest to the soldier. The constantly moving, vast expanse of water, the restless and seemingly uncontrollable waves as they struggled with each other, striking and recoiling, forming giant fans of spray, tossed high to the heavens, with deep valleys between,—the whole presenting a kaleidoscopic picture of rare grandeur and beauty, appealed strangely to his half-heathen self. Regardless of how he felt or of his state of mind the ocean remained a constant and intensely interesting study to him. He sat on deck and watched it by the hour during the days, and in the evenings, while on deck to get a bit of fresh air before going below to his hole in crowded quarters, he was entertained by the phosphorescent gleams of the water as the ship cut the great billowy waves and tossed them aside from her path. Myriads of these little, radiantly changeable lights could be seen close to the sides of the ship at almost any time during the night, if he was willing to look carefully for them.

The ocean was interesting at all times, but it contained an all-absorbing interest when lashed into fury by high winds. During such times, when the wind was blowing at the rate of from forty to seventy miles an hour and waves forty or fifty feet high confronted the ships, conditions were bad for the men and life on the transports was quite unpleasant. If the ships happened to be running at right angles to the waves, sailing conditions were fairly good, the ships only

dipping and rising with the rise and swell of the water, but in case they struck the waves diagonally, the men aboard experienced unusual and highly unpleasant sensations. The movement of the vessels combined a rolling rotary motion with a falling and rising one that aroused such protest in all stomachs that it became difficult for the men to maintain either their equilibrium or their food. At such times it was difficult to walk about on the decks and especially to eat food, for attempts by the men to brace themselves to meet the quick changes in the motion of the ships were often retarded by their being thrown off their balances through movements entirely different from the ones they had anticipated. Then too, they never knew just when a giant wave would come along and sweep over deck, giving them a thorough wetting and washing them against the rails where they had to exercise care and agility in escaping from being washed overboard.

From the time the convoy left American waters it was led by a battle cruiser; the various convoys were so grouped that they could be within close touch of each other, and in formation somewhat diamond shaped. To the rear of the convoy was the second cruiser; and on both flanks were submarine chasers, which darted in and out among the ships with such ease and speed as to earn the sobriquets of "the greyhounds of the sea." The soldiers marveled at the construction and appearance of the submarine chasers, being influenced, of course, by the fact that the safety of the convoy rested largely with these long, slender, little fighting crafts which sank so deeply into the water that they showed only a few feet of deck space above the surface.

One noticeable feature of the sailing was the irregular manner in which the ships in the convoy varied from their course, leaving in their wake zig-zag paths of disturbed waters, and yet were able to maintain their relative positions and distances.

When the convoy had reached a distance of about five hundred miles at sea, one cruiser and two submarine chasers returned to America, leaving one cruiser and one chaser as protectors of the ships. These two vessels continued with the convoy throughout its voyage, arriving with it in the harbor at Brest; and at all times during the voyage the gray hulk of the cruiser was to be seen leading the way across the Atlantic while the chaser divided its time in running in and out and around and about the transports.

On the evening of August 10th at about five o'clock in the afternoon a sail-boat was observed on the port side of the convoy, and within a short time she came into full view. She was signalled by the battle cruiser which after considerable communication allowed her to go on her way. While this parley was taking place the men on the transports thronged the decks in an attempt to learn the identity of the sail boat and to ascertain whether or not she was friendly or hostile; but when she was seen to pass on unmolested they soon forgot the incident.

Their attention was again called to the sail-boat, however, when about sundown the cruiser and subchaser reversed their course, taking the same direction as that followed by the sail-boat at the time it passed from view. Conjecture concerning the mission of the cruiser and chaser ran wild but it soon became common belief that they had secured some in-

formation leading them to believe the sailboat had not revealed her true identity and they had therefore gone back to investigate.

When the men arose the next morning the cruiser and chaser were again back in their accustomed places in the convoy and the rumors of the previous evening seemed to lose their significance; but within a short time it was learned that the sailboat had been overtaken during the night, and captured by the cruiser and the crew taken off as prisoners, the boat having proved to have been a German oil boat used as a submarine filling station. It was understood that after the cruiser and the chaser had taken over as much oil as their facilities allowed, the sailboat was sunk. None of these rumors were confirmed though practically all of the men in the brigade believed them to be true.

The morning of August 11th proved to be an eventful one, for early in the day a large convoy of submarine chasers, fifteen in all, joined the convoy and word was passed among the men that they were entering the most dangerous waters in the ocean, for the last few hours having been in the Bay of Biscay.

The chasers arrived none too soon, for shortly after 8 o'clock, while the men on the various ships were in line for breakfast, sirens from all the ships immediately sounded a warning and sharp, clear orders were issued to the soldiers to take their places promptly on deck, wearing full equipment and life-savers. It was reported that a number of German submarines were attacking the convoy.

When the danger signals commenced blowing the men were in mess line and most of them wore only

their uniforms and life savers; many were without blouses and had their shoes unlaced. They had been called by the danger sirens so many times for drill that they paid little heed to the signal until their officers appeared in the doorways and commenced to issue sharp orders to "stand by with full equipment and life savers on," and the big guns began to bark. Then the atmosphere changed and the whole brigade "went into action." Messkits were thrown on bunks, overcoats were jerked into place, shoes were laced, life savers were made secure and the men quickly stood by their bunks for further orders. They had only a minute or two to wait, for their officers sharply ordered them on deck, and they moved forward rapidly to their respective posts.

They realized at this time just what the days and days of training as soldiers meant to them and how important had been the carefully planned Abandon Ship Drill they had been forced to attend. Woe unto the man who was out of place at that moment, for he had a space especially assigned to him in a certain life boat and all officers had received instructions to take only the men who were properly assigned to boats in case it became necessary to abandon ship, and to shoot any men who attempted to board the wrong boat or who were out of place when the ship was abandoned.

The men thought and acted quickly, for they had little time to do otherwise. The officers were universally cool and collected, but every soldier felt the strain under which his officers labored and was able to detect a note of excitement in the voices that usually gave their commands slowly and with such assurance.

The men realized that they were entering the most exciting and dangerous experience of their lives. They

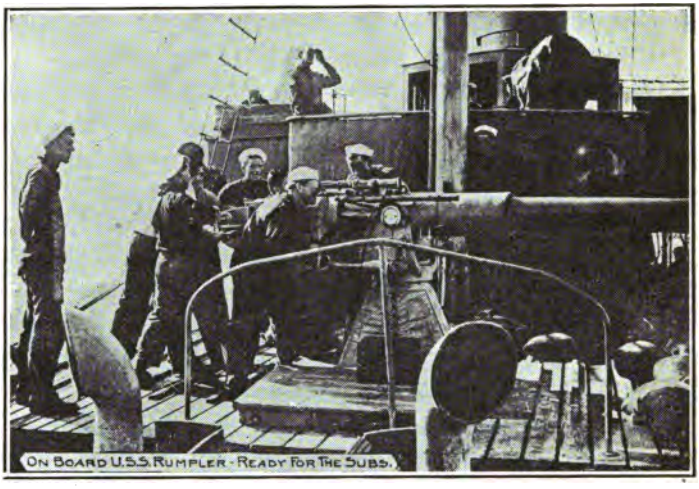
settled into their places and awaited the outcome of the engagement, which was soon under way, the guns on the various ships booming, the hoarse grating tones of the whistles filling the air with their frightful, fear-inspiring sounds and each ship quivering and pulsing under the terrific strain imposed upon it by the engines which were pounding away to their utmost capacity in carrying the ships forward with a speed that previously had been considered impossible.

All of the sub chasers rapidly assembled at the danger point and the cruisers followed as quickly as possible. The little chasers sailed about poking their noses into every suspicious wave, but only one or two of them were able to get into the heart of the battle. These crafts dropped bomb after bomb in their efforts to reach the hidden enemy and it seemed to the soldiers who viewed their efforts that undoubtedly all submarines in that locality were either destroyed or badly damaged by the explosions that resulted.

It was highly surprising and genuinely pleasing to note the speed of the sub-chasers and to see the easy manner in which they moved through the water. They turned almost on a pivot,—as some boys said "on a dime,"—and were so shifty and business-like that the soldiers felt reassured about their safety after seeing these crafts perform for a few minutes. Their crews, stripped to the waists, stood by their posts ready to drop depth bombs almost as soon as the danger signal was blown and after the fight started they rolled the bombs into the water so rapidly that it seemed to the spectators that one bomb scarcely reached the water, without having time to explode, before another one was being started on its way.

The attack did not amount to much though it proved very interesting to everybody in the convoy.

The men had dreamed about the possibilities of a submarine attack, and though fearful that such a danger might confront them, had halfway hoped for the experience. Remarks were heard on all sides, as the firing of the guns abated and the submarines discontinued their activities, expressing satisfaction over



A view of a sailor gun squad on one of the ships in the convoy that was attacked by submarines when the 61st was being taken to France. The squad is preparing to send Fritz an early morning salutation and the gunner is only awaiting the opportunity to fire. During the submarine attack the guns of the convoy worked incessanty but very little, if any, damage was done by them.

the morning's excitement, and fertile brains began to hatch wonderful stories to be told to homefolks after the war.

No damage resulted from the engagement and after being held at attention for more than half an hour the safety signal was blown and men were allowed their freedom.

This engagement offered a wonderful opportunity to study the psychological effect of danger upon vari-

ous types of men. One type of individual turned pale and violently trembled with a hunted expression on his face showing that he was undergoing an agony of spirit—that man was afraid. Another type of soldier tightly gritted his teeth, protruded his jaw a bit farther to the front, and with clinched hands and firm bearing looked about the deck in an aggressive way as if challenging any danger that might confront him—that man was a fighter. Still another type appeared to accept the situation as being one of the most common, every day experiences of his life, and apparently was as unconcerned over it as if he were at home eating ice cream or otherwise enjoying himself in a quiet orderly way—that man was a philosopher. A fourth type of individual showed evidence of an all consuming curiosity, of being so eager to see everything going on that he could scarcely contain himself; he looked eagerly in every direction and tried to see everything that happened, without showing the least concern about the outcome of the fight—that was the curious man.

One of the most amusing incidents of this battle was furnished by a contingent of hungry soldiers who took advantage of the fight to help themselves to such food as they could find in the kitchens. In speaking of this incident one of the naval officers observed: "These were the most calmly indifferent men I ever saw in the face of danger. The richest thing I ever saw: for a bunch of Texans to rob the kitchens, when they should have been on deck praying."

At one p. m. of the same day the submarine attack was resumed, the battle being practically a reproduction of that of the morning. The guns of the ships fired incessantly and the submarine chasers darted about dropping depth bombs, until the ocean was rock-

ed for several hundred yards along the route over which the fight was held.

At 3:10 o'clock of the same afternoon, a final attack was made by the submarines but no harm was done to any of the ships in the convoy. In this last battle many men reported having seen one submarine blown out of the water by a depth bomb from one of the submarine chasers and to have observed the burning of the debris on the surface of the water as the oil from the destroyed submarine caught on fire during the explosion of the bombs.

Accepting this report or not, unofficial military reports had it that during the three battles the Germans used fifteen submarines, three of which were sunk by depth bombs. The enemy apparently had known every detail of the voyage of this particular convoy and had made preparations to destroy it by using a sufficiently large number of submarines to accomplish the desired results; but in communicating by wireless with their submarines one of their messages had been intercepted by the Allies who, in order to meet the grave situation, had sent fifteen submarine chasers from the harbor of Brest to meet the convoy about 500 miles from the coast. It has been seen how nearly these chasers came to being too late.

Without any further mishap or excitement the convoy arrived in the harbor of Brest early on the morning of August 12, and for the first time during the voyage the men were allowed to give expression to their pent-up feelings. As it was learned just before breakfast that the ships were approaching the coast of France, very few men ate any breakfast and those who did had only a sparing amount served to them. It is safe to say that up to this time in their

lives no land looked so good as did the rocky coast of France, and when the first signs of this old country became visible they cheered vociferously, every available space on deck being occupied by these happy, eagerly curious soldiers, in an attempt to make up in a few short minutes for the days and days they had spent on the ocean.

Because of the shallowness of the water at the entrance to the inner harbor the ships were forced to lie out in the main harbor until the men could be transferred to smaller harbor boats and thereby carried to land.

At ten o'clock on the morning of August 13, a lighter came alongside the U. S. S. Siboney and troops from Brigade Headquarters were loaded on it, to be taken through the docks to the wharves for unloading. By one o'clock the same day, the 131st Regiment was ashore. By four o'clock the 132nd was unloaded. The 133rd Regiment had been sent ashore at nine o'clock in the morning and the 111th Ammunition Train debarked at three o'clock in the afternoon. The 111th Trench Motor Battery, which had made its voyage on the U. S. S. Leviathan, sailing from port three days after the convoy in which the main part of the 61st Brigade was transported, had arrived and debarked on the afternoon of August 11.

V.

BREST

It was with a feeling of keen anticipation that the men stepped ashore from the small coast ships at Brest, for everyone had heard wonderful tales about sunny France. There was not a one who was altogether unfamiliar with the history of Napoleon and all knew that Frenchmen for centuries had been noted for their fighting ability. Moreover, the work done by the French in the first three years of the war had turned the eyes of the whole world on France, and the men were anxious to see a country that could produce such fighters. Throughout their training period in the camps of America they had looked forward to the hour when they would reach France, and they were happy over their safe arrival there. But what was their surprise and disappointment upon landing to observe before them an old, dirty, unkempt and altogether unattractive town, with a little insignificant railroad station lying near by, and a few dinky box cars and a small engine sitting on a narrow guage track which reminded the men of their boyhood days and toy trains.

One sign common to all of the cars, and destined to become very familiar to the boys, was that of "40 hommes; 8 chevaux," "forty men; eight horses." It was hard for the men to realize that these cars could possibly be used to accommodate forty men or eight horses, but before they had been in France many

weeks they learned that such cars could be made to accommodate as many as fifty or fifty-five men, when troop movements became imperative and cars were scarce.

The men formed in columns, each man wearing his full overseas pack, and the column started on the long tiresome march to the Pontanezan barracks, a distance of four kilometers from the outskirts of Brest. As they swung along in this march very little attention was paid to keeping step or to formation, for all eyes were busily engaged in seeing as much of the new country as possible.

The city of Brest is laid off in irregular blocks, circumscribed by narrow streets paved with rough stones which have been used for centuries until they are worn and notched. Most of the streets are lined on each side by rock walls, about six or eight feet high, so ably constructed that though having stood for years they are yet perfectly sound.

In marching along the old winding streets of Brest the troops were met at varying intervals by French people, old, feeble men, women of all ages and any number of children, no able-bodied or stalwart men being seen. Even though the Americans had read from newspapers that the French people were scarcely modern in their habits and dress they were totally unprepared for the surprise which these people really afforded them. Most of the adults were dressed in garments that, though possibly attractive at some previous time, were now so worn and unbecomingly draped about their gaunt figures as to give the effect of great poverty and unsightliness. This bad effect was heightened by the head-gear worn—which was chiefly some loose ugly colored kerchief or shawl tied tightly about the hair,—and by all shapes,

kinds and qualities of wooden shoes, in varying states of wear, which gave forth resounding clacks at every step on the rock pavements.

The children were almost universally dressed in striped sweaters which closely fitted their emaciated frames and showed the bodies to be ill-nourished and in need of good substantial food.

A particularly noticeable thing about the people of Brest was the wrinkled and old-looking faces of all the adults. The children had pinched expressions also but this was offset somewhat by natural expressions of youthfulness. The men remarked especially about the old-looking people they met and at many later times during their stay in France this subject came up for discussion, and they ventured many conjectures about the reason for it. The main reason finally agreed upon by the Americans was that the French drank so much wine and were so licentious in their mode of living that age overtook them early in life. The use of wine especially seemed to have a bad effect, for the old people showed its effect in their wrinkled, shriveled faces and in the expressions of their countenances.

Nothing about Brest seemed to appeal to the soldiers; the people were crude, unattractive and apparently a low type of civilization and the houses were anything but pleasing to the eye. Most of the houses were constructed entirely of stone, with stone or tile floors, and were usually built to the edge of the streets so their doors opened on the sidewalks. The men in walking along the streets could look into the interior of these houses and could see the kind of home life the people lived, and with each view they became less favorably impressed. The rooms contained very little furniture, only enough to satisfy the simplest needs,

and such furniture as was in evidence was made of the cheapest material, usually stone or straight unfinished wood. Indeed, one would suppose from viewing the interiors of the average French house that he was looking into the retreat of an ascetic of "ye olden tymes" instead of a modern home.

Built principally on the gothic plan of architecture, and provided with an abundance of gables, turrets, and little artistic nooks and corners, most of the houses had the basis for beautification, had the inhabitants seen fit to improve them. It was difficult for the Americans, fresh from a country where almost everybody had modern houses and where no effects of war were to be seen, to realize the destitute condition of the people in this French city, but they saw evidence on every hand in Brest of the drain France had sustained during the past three years of war. They dimly realized from the general appearance of everything, and especially that of the people, themselves, that the country had been ruthlessly ravaged and that the power of resistance was largely drawn from the feeble classes yet remaining at home.

Regardless of this knowledge, however, they were disappointed in Brest, for they had expected great things from their trip to France from the first moment they learned that they would likely be sent to that country. They could not reconcile the land they saw with the land of their dreams, and even though they knew their disappointment was more or less unjust, they were unable to restrain it entirely. As they passed along the streets and saw home after home with its bareness and lack of comfort and the many people practically destitute of food and shelter, at first, a great wave of indignation passed over them

and they felt that they had been tricked, thinking they were coming to a land of beauty and richness, when in reality they had come to a land of want and shame. They did not stop to reason that the France they saw and the France of peace times were two altogether different countries, but they accepted conditions as they saw them and criticised accordingly. Disparaging and disgruntled remarks were heard on every side, disclosing a complete disgust for France and everything French. The pitiful part of this experience is that most of the soldiers were unable to change this attitude of mind during their stay in France and returned to America full of venom for the French people and unwilling to credit them with any virtue.

It is a sad thing that Americans had their first contact with France in such a spot as Brest, for this city is in no sense representative of the best French life or the better type of French people. Brittany is acknowledged all over Europe to be the worst part of France, to have the poorest grade of inhabitants and to be less progressive than any other part of the republic, and soldiers who were so fortunate as to have traveled in other sates besides Brittany and to have seen some of the really beautiful sections of France, bear witness to this truth. The inhabitants of Brittany cannot be taken as representative of the real French any more than the rougher elements of the United States can be accepted as representative of the better type of Americans.

Not only did the appearance of the people and the country affect the Americans but the inability of the soldiers to understand the French language had its effect also. The men had just come ashore from a very trying ocean voyage and in spite of themselves

were a bit homesick for some good old American land. When they stepped ashore at Brest they were taken aback by the speech of the natives, who could not be understood, and who therefore failed miserably in expressing greetings and appreciation for the Americans.

The boys had left their home country only a few days before and during all of their leave takings great demonstrations had been staged expressly for them. When they debarked from their ships on the French side of the Atlantic and could not understand a thing that was said, they were disappointed and resentful. This unfavorable opinion was formed at the outset and was followed immediately by prejudice, which was never overcome in many of them. Yet, little criticism can really be offered concerning the manner in which the French people received the soldiers, for the countenances of all, old and young, were lit up with smiles of happy welcome and the streets were lined with cheering, welcoming crowds.

As the troops marched through the town, French children gathered along the sidewalks laughing and singing. One of their most popular songs was, "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here; What the Hell Do We Care," though they were not at all backward in trying out many other American songs which they seemingly considered to be highly pleasing to the ear. This little stunt pleased the boys hugely, and helped to lighten the load of many a weary fellow and to lessen to some extent his disappointment in the people and the country.

The route to the rest camp at Pontenazen Barracks lay over rough, hilly roads, and after the men had marched for about a mile, they were halted on

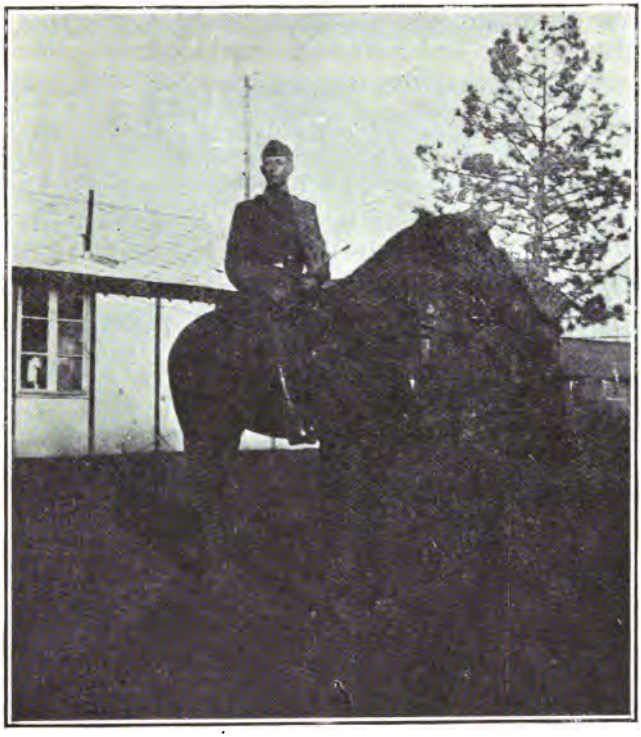
the outskirts of Brest for rest. Here they were assailed by French venders, chiefly women and girls who were selling nuts and what they represented to be cakes and candy. The hungry soldiers eagerly purchased some of the cakes but after attempting to eat them, declared they were more nearly a combination of sawdust and leather than cakes. They soon learned that what they bought in France would cost them dearly, as they were asked the sum of ten cents for a mere handful of nuts and all other commodities presented to them proved to have prices based on the same high scale.

It was amusing to observe the soldiers in their attempts to make the French people understand English. A man who knew a little French was never so popular before in his life; he was called on every side to help in transactions with the venders and even though he could make the French people understand only a word or two of his jargon, praise from his comrades was showered profusely upon him.

The march was resumed after a short rest, with only a few stops between there and the camp, and the troops soon arrived at their destination, which proved to be a wheat field about two miles beyond Pontenazen barracks, as facilities in the barracks were inadequate for housing more men. Shelter tents were immediately erected and the brigade prepared for a much needed rest, the day's strain having proved especially tiring.

Troops who had come ashore early and had arrived in camp first, were divided into details and sent back to Pontenazen barracks for food, which was chiefly bread and beef. No trucks were available for the hauling of food to the camp and the details were

used as pack horses, being forced to use considerable ingenuity and intelligence in successfully accomplishing their mission. Groups of four men each carried blankets, in which were dumped about twelve loaves of bread, and these loaves, being two feet long, one



MAJOR WILTON L. RUTAN,
Adjutant of the 61st F. A. Brigade from December, 1917, to October, 1918.
(See Appendix.)

foot wide and six or eight inches deep, made a substantial load for the four men. Each man in the detail gathered a corner of the blanket over his shoulder and kept step with the other three men while

marching. In this manner the detail was able to carry its unwieldy burden with some degree of success.

The bread details had some laughable experiences, though their work was hard. One detail from Brigade Headquarters took its twelve loaves of bread and started back to camp, but the hunger of the men overcame them and they stopped behind some trees just outside of the walls of the barracks, almost under the noses of officers who were passing, and proceeded to test the quality of their burden.

They were a bit dubious about the bread, for they had never before seen it in such large loaves, and then, too, the crust looked tough and coarse, but upon breaking off small pieces from one loaf they found the flavor and quality to be excellent and plunged their hands into the white, fluffy bread, drawing forth great hunks of it, which they ravenously devoured.

Before they realized what they had done, they found the loaf was gone—a huge, 12-pound loaf, 24x12x6 inches—and their load had been decreased by one-twelfth.

But they did not stop with eating one loaf, for during the trip to camp they broke several other loaves, the broken bits of which they ate during the entire march. In all, they probably ate a loaf and a half of fresh bread, a total of 18 pounds, which is a fairly substantial meal for four men, even though they were famished.

The amount these men ate would not have been so bad if they had stopped there, but instead of going directly to bed after returning to camp these bread consumers "waited up" for supper with the rest of the hungry camp and "polished off" a mess kit or two of corned willie and drank a cup or two of hot coffee,

besides eating a few more slices of their beloved bread. This "feed" would have killed them in civilian life, yet they were able to "say grace" over it without a groan and to roll themselves into their blankets and drop off to sleep as peacefully as if they had just finished a light repast in one of America's stingiest cafes. What a change a few short months had made in them!

Oxen are the principal beasts of burden in France and this photograph shows a typical Frenchman with his wife, mother-in-law, wagon and oxen. These soldiers are from the 111th Ammunition Train and have prevailed upon the Frenchman to pose for this picture.

Other men, usually in groups of two, were used as meat details, and a quarter of beef was assigned to them. To get their heavy piece of meat back to camp they were forced to run strong poles through it and to rest these poles upon their shoulders. In this manner the burden was suspended between them, and though heavy, especially since it had to be carried for a distance of two miles, the use of poles enabled them to successfully stand the strain. Other details were assigned to the duties of carrying water and securing wood with which to cook food for

the evening meal. Hundreds of men carried buckets of water and arm-loads of wood the distance of two miles, from the barracks to camp. This work began early in the afternoon and continued until late in the evening. Few of the men had eaten breakfast on the ships, but the work of getting unloaded and out to camp took so much time that they could eat no dinner and were starved by supper time. Yet the slow manner in which food was procured for the evening meal, coupled with the unfamiliarity of the cooks with their new surroundings, caused supper to be delayed until about ten o'clock that night and when the meal was finally served it proved to be warmed "corned willie," coffee and bread. The men were so hungry that they ate this food ravenously and pronounced it very good.

When the details returned from Pontenazen barracks with their food no place was found where it could be stored, so it was thrown together in huge piles on the ground. Many mounds of bread reached a height of eight or ten feet and covered several square yards of ground; but after the evening meal had been served it was astonishing how these piles of food had vanished.

The shelter tents were lined up in the field, with usual military precision and even though a large part of the ground covered by the tents was rough or soggy, the men had no choice but to accept their bedplaces, as they were allotted. They sorely missed the blankets which had been taken up at Camp Mills, for the heat of the day early gave way in the evening to a damp coolness and one blanket was entirely insufficient during the night. Most of the men used their raincoats and overcoats as bedding and covered with their single blankets, but each night they suffered in-

tensely from the cold. One reason why it affected them so severely was the proximity of the camp to the ocean which allowed damp sea breezes to blow over the camp at night. The air was so damp each morning when the men arose that their tents were literally soaked with water and any tent, though able to have withstood the hard rains of Texas and Oklahoma, was easily made to leak upon being slightly rubbed from the inside.

A gun squad with piece and caisson ready for action.

The men of the 61st Brigade were sturdy, healthy fellows, but the first night's experience in France caused a number of them to become ill, and severe colds developed. A number of the men were weakened by the long ocean voyage they had just completed and were therefore in no condition to stand the severe strain. Sore throats, deep colds and coughs became so prevalent that the medical officers were

kept busy, and a number of men were sent to hospitals with pneumonia.

As soon as billets could be secured in Pontenazen barracks several units were transferred there, though the whole brigade was not provided for in this manner; a large number of the soldiers were forced to remain encamped in shelter tents until their departure for Redon and such troops as did reach Pontenazen barracks did not fare much better than those left behind in open wheat fields. They were placed in old stone barracks where they were huddled together in discomfort and in many instances were forced to sleep on damp concrete floors which for years had been untouched by the sun's rays.

Pontenezan barracks was reported to have been built by Napoleon during the height of his military power. It was enclosed by a high stone wall about four or five feet in height, and contained several rows of large stone barracks—each row about two hundred yards in length from front to rear—and many wooden billets which had been constructed at suitable spots on the grounds. Also, tents were so scattered over the camp that it resembled an American fair grounds, with its main buildings of concrete and side shows of tents and wooden shacks.

The wooden barracks, make-shift structures hastily thrown together to take care of the great number of troops constantly entering the camp, were equipped with triple-decked, wooden bunks, entirely new to the American soldiers, though they later became much better acquainted with this style of bed. When the men first saw their bunks they had misgivings, but after trying to sleep on them for one night they learned how uncomfortable they really were. It was

impossible to get hay for bedsacks, so the men were forced to sleep on the hard slat bottoms of the bunks, protected from the wood only by thin bed-sacks and two thicknesses of their overcoats and raincoats. They were tremendously uncomfortable but had no way of changing their conditions.

The stone barracks were bare enclosures with small high windows and were separated at regular intervals by partitions of concrete. The streets between these barracks were narrow and surfaced with a hard substance that had been unsuccessful in withstanding the wear of the elements and was bumpy and uneven. The buildings, though old, were solid and substantial. Some of them had both upper and lower rooms, though most of them were one-story, barn-like affairs full of dampness and must.

The tents were much more comfortable, but most of them were occupied by officers who managed to have comfortable beds and fair accommodations while in Pontenazen Barracks. They had bed rolls on which to sleep and their tents were furled during the day so the sun could keep them dry and sanitary. These accommodations were bad enough but were preferable to the old stone barracks or the makeshift shacks.

Pontenazen Barracks was supplied with a commissary and a Y. M. C. A. building which the men were allowed to freely visit. The commissary was open only at short intervals each day, but when it was open the men could buy sweets and needed articles, besides exchanging their American money for French money. The "Y" appealed especially to the men at this time, for splendid programs were given at the hut each night, where several leading

men from the Winter Garden in New York were playing during the time the men of the 61st were in Pontenazen Barracks. These programs were entirely without charge but the soldiers declared that they had never seen better vaudeville playing anywhere in America. The men also spent much of their time at the Y. M. C. A. hut in writing home and it was here

The kind of engine that is used to pull coaches of the "40 hommes, 8 chevaux" variety. Compared to our big, powerful engines, these little iron horses do not make a very good impression, though many American engineers have said that for their size the French engines have more pulling capacity than the American engine.

they first learned the postal regulations governing A. E. F. mail and were allowed to mail their letters without paying postage on them.

Some men were allowed to visit the town of Brest, but only a few were granted this privilege; most of those who did visit Brest returned not very enthusiastic about it. The men had their first introduction to wine there and many a good "non-com" lost his rank by "falling off the water wagon."

Most of the men who drank seemed to have a special preference for Cognac and rum, though several tried out the virtues of vin rouge, vin blanc and champagne.

Some form of play was engaged in at Pontenazen Barracks during all hours of the day, as the Y. M. C. A. provided paraphernalia for such entertainments. One of the most popular games was baseball, which was played almost continually, the various units being allowed to get gloves, bats and such material from the athletic men at the "Y." These units played games among themselves and some of their games were of high grade because of the abundance of talent among the soldiers, many of whom had played either professional or school ball. Boxing came in for its share of popularity, also, and though contests were held only during the evenings and late afternoons, large numbers of men gathered to watch these contests, especially when negro boxers were engaged. It was a difficult task to get two negroes to box, but when they did get into the ring there was sure to be a slugging match that produced merriment. Some football was played but not enough to count for anything in comparison with the other two sports. The men kicked footballs around the field but no real games were staged, as the weather was much too warm for this sport.

Some training was engaged in by several units of the brigade, but the majority of the troops were allowed to recuperate as much as possible from their long ocean voyage, games and recreational activities being indulged in more than anything else.

The debarkation camps adjacent to Brest were supposed to be rest camps but as one of the soldiers aptly remarked, "The only rest about them was that the soldiers who were so unfortunate as to pass

through them would remember their awful experience there the REST of their lives."

Facilities for taking care of soldiers at Brest were so poor that criticism from all over the world has been centered on those responsible for conditions in the camp. Colonel Birkhead, commander of the 131st F. A., said several months after leaving Brest that "the man, regardless of whether he was the Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces or the most inefficient second lieutenant in the army, ought to be court-martialed for the conditions at Brest." This remark was caused by the frightful manner in which the men of his regiment had been treated while encamped there.

While the 61st Brigade was in Brest, President Poincare of the French republic visited Pontenazen Barracks and gave a lecture, the soldiers from the whole camp turning out en masse to hear and see him. Most of them were disappointed, because their imaginations had pictured President Poincare as being a wonderful man and when they heard him speak they found him to be only an ordinary one.

Those who were so fortunate as to have retained any money from the expenses of their voyage, embraced the opportunity of exchanging their American money for French money. Their attempts to count the francs and centimes after having received them, caused much fun among the entire brigade though only a few men had any money to exchange.

On June 17th the brigade received orders to entrain the following day for Redon, France; at two-thirty on the morning of the 18th they were on their way to the cars which were to take them to their new destination. At this early hour they were unable to

observe the routes they followed, but after a long, fatiguing march arrived at the trains, several units having lost their way en route.

Breakfast of cold food was served to them at daylight and they entrained at sunrise. Officers were quartered in coaches of the first class, which were divided into compartments that accommodated eight or ten men and had interiors nicely furnished with rich upholstering, wall mirrors and window curtains. Non-commissioned officers were placed in second-class compartments which though quite similar to the first-class cars were not as expensively finished. The privates were loaded into box-cars of the "40 hommes, 8 chevaux" variety.

VI.

REDON

As the trains slowly moved out of the station at Brest all aboard were pleased to be leaving the camp where they had passed such an unpleasant stay of five days. They thought they were scheduled for at least an all-day ride, but they did not know for how much longer, and this fact lent additional interest to the trip. They were passing through new country where they were seeing new sights and this also added tremendously to their satisfaction.

Food, chiefly of corned willie, bread and a small supply of syrup and jelly, had been divided among the men before their entrainment, each car receiving its regulation supply. By eleven o'clock the soldiers began to grow hungry and many cars served noon day mess early on that account; the soldiers seemed to feel that eating was a duty necessary to be performed with as much dispatch as possible. Because of the scarcity of sweets, a close guard was maintained over the supply of jam and preserves in each car, but in spite of this precaution many cans of jam were appropriated and eaten by enterprising individuals who enjoyed quite sumptuous meals, though the eating of them was done in secrecy. Upon the discovery of the thefts, custodians of the preserve supply blessed the miscreants with mighty oaths and threatened dire vengeance upon them, but all in vain, for the mischief was done and the culprits innocently disclaimed any responsibility for it.

The country surrounding Brest is rough and broken; and its large hills and deep valleys are sprinkled with stunted undergrowth which has been trimmed and cut so often that most of the trees and bushes are knotted and gnarled into fantastic shapes.

As the train sped toward southern France, the men realized from the many beautiful views they beheld that the scenery of old Brittainy must be unsurpassed by any in western France. Cozy old farm houses, set in the midst of trees and flowers and surrounded by landscapes dotted with small uneven tracts of farm land in which growing and ripening crops predominated, were seen in abundance. There was little sameness or monotony, though houses were very similar, and hedges were commonly used throughout the country, a pretty spot here, a turn in a white bedded road, disclosing an especially attractive stretch of valley there, always saved the situation and made the soldier expectant of newer and more attractive views.

Buckwheat was in bloom and was growing in such quantities that practically every bit of farmland was beautified to some extent by bright purple blossoms. The soldiers imagined upon seeing so many fields of buckwheat that France must be a veritable haven for bees, and since they had lacked an abundance of sweets while in the army, they conjured up visions of the good "feeds" they would have in this country of buckwheat and bees. But they were disappointed in this expectation for they saw scarcely any honey while in France.

Town after town, with its quaint old buildings of stone and its winding rock-walled streets, were passed during the day and by evening the men had ac-

quired a fairly good idea of the general appearance of the average French town of Brittany. One noticeable thing about these French towns was their nearness to each other; it seemed to the soldiers that their trains passed through towns about half of the time, and this was almost literally true.

During the afternoon news became distributed that the brigade would detrain at Redon, a little town of about five thousand inhabitants, situated one hundred and twenty-five kilometers southeast of Brest, in the French state of Ill-et-Villaine. This town was reached at seven o'clock in the evening, when the soldiers detrained and marched from the station to a vacant spot on the outskirts of town, and pitched camp for the night.

The men were impressed with Redon from the first view they had of it and they were also favorably impressed with the people who came out to camp immediately after the troops arrived, to show their hospitality and appreciation.

After remaining all night in shelter tents, the brigade arose early the next morning to roll packs and clean camp preparatory to leaving for their billets. By noon practically all units were established in town, the enlisted men being billeted in barns and houses, and brigade, regimental, battalion and battery headquarters were established in special buildings. Brigade Headquarters was stationed in an attractive old chateau.

This chateau, an old building of the middle-eighteenth century design, was situated in a plot of several acres of undulating ground beautified by magnificent flower plants and semi-tropical fruit trees.

The garden and lawn were strikingly beautiful. The chateau sat back about three hundred yards from the main street leading from the business section of the town past the chateau and was approached by a winding, hard-surfaced, flower-bordered driveway, which opened into the grounds through a typical French gate and led by devious turns to the old house. In following this driveway a visitor was almost startled by the sudden view of the chateau as the road emerged from behind a screen of low flower-laden vines, and a sweeping view of the grounds and buildings opened before him.

The chateau was constructed of French stone, surfaced with an attractive coating of concrete so skillfully applied that the casual observer was inveigled into the belief that he was looking at the natural stone itself. It was built on severe straight lines, and showed little signs of the wear and tear of years of weathering. True to the usual French style of architecture, the doors opened directly upon a concrete walk which ran along the entire front of the building, the door sills of stone being plumb with the walk. The floors of the lower rooms were pieces of stone which had been placed with regularity at some time, though now they were uneven and rough from usage. The rooms were of irregular shape and size, and though containing a number of turns and corners, were rather stern and forbidding in appearance, being saved from unsightliness by snow-white curtains at the windows and little bric-a-brac tucked away in the nooks and indentures.

The main entrance was in the center of the building, and it opened into a short, wide hall, which ended

in a broad, winding stairway that led to low ceilinged rooms above, quite similar in appearance and construction to those below. A hallway ran the full distance of the upper floor, at various points opening onto a balustraded gallery which commanded a splendid view of Redon and the surrounding country. The gallery proved to be a favorite spot with officers of brigade headquarters and with such non-commissioned officers of that organization as developed the temerity to visit it.

The lady owner of the chateau retained only two or three rooms for her use and allowed the General and his staff the use of the remainder of the house. The enlisted men were housed in a barn which lay about one hundred yards distant from the chateau, and they made themselves comfortable in the lofts of this building, where they found an abundance of dry hay with which to make beds. The men were surprised to learn that the servants lived in one end of the barn, and the family horse in the central part, while the tool house, with loft overhead, completed the other wing of the building.

About half way between the chateau and the barn was a garage which the chief mechanic and his men occupied. The lower part of this garage was used for cars and motorcycles and the upper part, which had been provided with stairs leading to a very cozy little room above, was used as living quarters for the men. The sound of puffing cars remonstrating against the attentions of the chief mechanic and his tribe could be heard at almost any hour of the day, for here the cars and motorcycles of the entire brigade were sent to be overhauled and put into shape.

The balcony of the chateau overlooked a canal, which ran through the town of Redon and along which

Frenchmen and women pulled barges of produce to town. It was a strange sight to the Americans to see the French people transport their products on the canal, for never before had they seen humans acting as beasts of burden; they were always interested in watching these Frenchmen as they walked along the banks of the canal pulling barges by great ropes. Sometimes draft horses and mules were used for this work but more often men and women were seen straining and pulling at the ropes.

As soon as the men became acquainted with the canal they expressed a desire to swim in it, the scarcity of bathing facilities in the town and the attractiveness of the canal water creating this desire. They did not have to wait long for this pleasure, for regimental orders were soon issued providing for bathing in the canal at regular intervals. The first group to enter the water did so with glee, expecting enjoyment therefrom, but what was their dismay to find the water extremely dirty and the bed of the canal covered with about a foot or two of sticky, grimy mud which clung to their bodies with such tenacity that they were unable to rid themselves entirely of it and left the water feeling more unclean than upon entering it. As soon as news of this bath spread over the brigade consternation overtook the remainder of the men, for they did not desire to undergo this same unpleasantness; but the bathing orders remained in effect and practically every man in the brigade was compelled to bathe in the canal before leaving Redon.

Adjacent to the canal throughout its entire course, were washing places used by French women, who congregated from day to day in small groups to do their weekly washing. These women gathered around rough concrete basins of water to wash their clothes,

either using the basins which were usually about twenty or thirty feet square and three or four feet deep, or the canal itself, where they arranged logs and rough platforms on which to stand while doing their work. The process they used was new to the American soldiers, who saw clothes first dipped into the water until they had become well soaked, after

A French woman and her cows. This woman has her knitting and is therefore "doing her bit" even while watching the cows.

which they were placed on rocks, concrete blocks or pieces of wood, and beaten by thick, flat paddles made for this purpose. The resounding thwacks of these paddles, as they were wielded by the sturdy French women, soon became familiar to the soldiers who never tired of watching the women at this work.

Redon faced another small town, across the canal, and during practically all hours of the day the chiming, deep tones of church bells from this little town floated over the valley, reminding the men of Sunday mornings at home, when similar sounding church bells tolled forth signals for church services and Sunday

school. The tolling of the bells came to be more of a nuisance than a pleasure to the soldiers before they left Redon, for regardless of the hours of the day or of the occupation in which the men were engaged the ever tolling bells were to be heard. If a soldier awakened during the night he was likely to hear bells ringing; if he attempted to catch a little nap during the day he was kept awake by the clanging, clamorous chimes of a multitude of ringing, rumbling bells—bells that tolled and doled incessantly. He was lulled to sleep by bells, he was awakened by bells and he was entertained day and night by bells, until he became sick and tired of them, hoping for the day when he could return to a land where towns were not so close together and where bells were practically unknown.

Regardless of these feelings, however, there was something peculiarly chaste and softening in the sounds floating so majestically from the bell towers of the old weather-scarred churches of this ancient little town. During the early mornings peals of distant church bells awakened the soldiers, mellowing their hardening spirits into a realization that the world was beautiful and good, even if it did compel them to devote their time and energies to the work of war. No grander prayer than the tolling of these early bells could have been offered to the stirring camp of busy soldiers each morning as they arose to face the monotony and grind of their daily work, and they unconsciously acknowledged it by their actions.

Instead of stopping in Redon, when it detrained there, the 111th Ammunition Train marched to Fegreac where shelter tents were pitched August 21, at 7:30 a. m. Companies "C" and "D" were left on detached service at Brest and did not rejoin the train while in France. These two companies were soon

sent to the trenches where they saw hard service and had many men and officers killed in battle.

When the cars bearing the Ammunition Train pulled up at Redon at two-thirty in the morning and the soldiers were ordered to detrain, they were awakened with difficulty and officers were compelled to visit practically every compartment of the cars to get them. But after being ordered into formation,

Maure, France, one of the towns in which the 111th Ammunition Train was stationed before going to Camp de Coetquidan.

they began their march, which led through Redon over beautiful hard-surfaced roads, in the moonlight, to Fegreac, which was reached at daybreak. Until they stopped at Fegreac they were uncertain as to their destination, the prevailing opinion being that they were approaching the front, since they had been traveling throughout the night and were at that time unfamiliar with the size of France or the distance to the front.

They were ordered to pitch shelter tents in a pasture about one kilometer from Fegreac, where they disappointedly settled themselves to camp life, to experience the same inconveniences from lack of bed clothing that they did at Brest. Many took deep colds and became so ill that ambulances from Coetquidan soon were common in camp.

The Train remained at Fegreac, where it trained in preparation for the front, until September 5, when it moved to Maxent, a town about fifteen kilometers from Coetquidan. While en route to Maxent it was divided, the Motor Battalion going to Louthel, and the Horsed Battalion continuing on to Maxent. At Maxent the first French equipment was received and the Americans became acquainted with the intricacies of French machinery, especially harness and wagons, which were entirely different from what they had been accustomed to using in America.

By September 27th all of the Train except the two companies at the front, had arrived at Maure, and it was here that the main part of its training in France was undergone. The schedule was divided between drills, the hauling of ammunition, equitation, the handling of horses, gas drill and long, difficult hikes. In short, the Train underwent rigid training for the front, this work being diminished, of course, after the signing of the armistice. It was at Maure that Lieut. Col. Stevenson endeared himself to his men by the soldierly manner in which he conducted the Train; he was always "on the job" and seemed more like a careful, just father to the fellows than a stern disciplinarian. He was always easily approachable by the rankest private as well as by the highest ranking officer, but one demand that he imposed upon his officers was that they take especial care of the

housing and feeding of their men. He was careful of his men in respect to comfort and proper food, but his hobby was sanitation. He thought sanitation, acted sanitation and talked sanitation, in fine, was a walking representative of sanitation. This is easily understood when his profession is taken into consideration, for before entering the service he was one

A splendid view of the buildings occupied by General Pershing and his staff at Chaumont. G. H. Q. was located at Paris until the First Army was well organized and put into the line, when it was removed to Chaumont, where it remained during the remainder of the war.

of the most prominent physicians in Texas. During the serious epidemic at Camp Bowie he proved his medical ability by taking control of the situation in camp and bringing order and health out of chaos and disease.

After Maure, the train was moved to Camp Coetquidan, where it again joined the 61st Brigade, the first time since leaving Camp Bowie.

As soon as the men of the brigade become settled in their new surroundings in Redon a course of instruction was outlined by General Stephens and the first real work in France began. Officers underwent a course of instruction under the immediate direction of General Stephens, while the men were given special instruction in Orientation, Gunnery, Visual Signaling, Physical Drills and especially the O'Grady exercises.

Also, schools for enlisted men were organized to teach such subjects as Telephone Work, Telegraphy, Orientation, Topography and Gunnery and considerable emphasis was placed upon gas drill, a brigade officer being appointed to conduct training in gas defense. The men were required to wear gas masks during stated intervals every day and they became so accustomed to their masks that they learned to sleep with them on.

The men of the 61st had come in contact with General Stephens frequently after he joined the brigade at Camp Mills, but they did not become really acquainted with him until after their arrival in Redon. The general's car was to be seen over town or among the billets of the soldiers at all hours of the day, and wherever he appeared they learned to come snappily to attention and to carefully salute him. General Stephens was a friend to his soldiers, but he demanded that they be careful of military courtesies and exact in the performance of their duties. He made a point of appearing among them when they least expected him and of administering reprimands to such men as were dilatory in responding immediately to his presence. When he observed a soldier or group of soldiers who failed to come to attention as his car sped by he always made a point of

stopping his car and of calling the attention of these men to the fact that they had been guilty of a breach

One of the billets where men of the 61st lived before going to Coetquidan. Such rickety stairways as that leading to the entrace of this billet were not altogether desirable for those soldiers who associated too freely with vin rouge and found their way home "after hours."

of military courtesy. He was punctilious in his habits, careful in his manners, and at all times military to the last degree, exacting similar conduct from men and officers in his brigade. He was just as quick to correct an officer—colonel or lieutenant—when he observed some slackness in them, as he was an en-

listed man, and the soldiers early learned to have confidence in his justness, realizing that he was not partial to his officers.

General Stephens commenced visiting immediately after his arrival in Redon and his drivers found that he was constantly on the alert to locate other general officers in order to meet them and learn more about conditions in France. He attempted to keep in touch with the military situation as nearly as possible at all times, his activity in this respect probably being instrumental in his early death.

The brigade's stay in Redon was important to the soldiers because it afforded their first opportunity to come in close contact with French life and permitted them to form intelligent conclusions about the French people. The men were allowed a considerable degree of freedom during their evenings and they used this time to meet the townspeople and to grow acquainted with them, as well as to enjoy the pleasures of the wine-rooms and restaurants.

These places were revelations to the American soldiers, most of whom had been away so long from anything that resembled drinking houses as to be almost surprised that such pleasureable spots were still in existence. They flocked downtown in great numbers to bright, attractive little rooms where they were served splendid French meals and drinks by French waitresses who added spice and enjoyment to the servings by their amusing efforts to talk to the men in English. The average French restaurant opened directly on the street and was a little bare room containing counters, where people could purchase lunches of cheese, milk, wine, or where there were both counters and tables, which were either small

enough to accommodate only two people, or large enough for family use. If the soldiers were especially hungry they could make their wants known and immediately be rewarded by seeing placed before them a meal peculiarly satisfying and touched off by a bottle of sparkling wine. One kind of French food, in partic-

Gun drill in the rain preparatory to the "Battle of Coetquidan." The men became so accustomed to working in the rain that they served their pieces and executed their drills without thinking about the weather.

ular, appealed to the soldiers, and that was French bread, so baked that it had a thick, hard crust and a coarse heavy grain, but with a flavor that blended ideally with wines, fruit and butter. French bread and butter was especially appetizing, and the men could never get enough of it, as bread tickets—printed slips necessary to have in one's possession before bread could be sold to him,—were hard to secure. Regardless of restrictions, however, many loaves of bread found their way to the soldiers, due to the kindness of brown-eyed, chic little French lasses

who saw to it that their American friends were well supplied.

The inroads upon the French food supply by the soldiers became so marked in Redon that French authorities remonstrated, saying that unless some restrictions were imposed upon the Americans the townspeople of Redon would suffer from lack of food. As a result, before the brigade left for Coeiquidan it became practically impossible for Americans to buy even bread and jellies, though some were able to secure these foods in fairly substantial quantities from good-natured French vendors, and others paid no attention to the orders but continued to go to the restaurants, where they were furnished good meals by the obliging townspeople, who were not in sympathy with the authorities.

Many American boys and French girls became acquainted with each other in French cafes where lessons in both French and English were exchanged. The soldiers could learn French quite easily from attractive French maids, although they experienced great difficulty in acquiring any knowledge of the language from text books or regular teachers, and the same thing can be said of the French girls, who preferred to learn their English from jovial American soldiers. The attempts of these young people to talk to each other were amusing, though underlying all of this merriment was a sincere desire to make each other understood and thereby to become better acquainted.

While the opportunity to study the town was beneficial to most of the men it had a bad effect on a few, for the sight of three or four good friends helping a belated comrade to his billet after he had been a little too free in partaking of wine and cognac

became frequent. Yet when we remember that many of these soldiers were placed for the first time where they could procure all the liquor they desired much credit is due them for the small amount of drunkenness that occurred and for the mannerly way in which

Graveyard at Coetquidan. Men of the 61st who died in Coetquidan were buried here, and pine crosses bearing the names and organizations of each man mark their graves

they deported themselves. Even though military rules forbade any man from becoming intoxicated, all of the soldiers knew that they could get stronger drinks than the light wines and beers they were allowed, and their abstemiousness under such circumstances reflects much credit upon them.

An enjoyable feature in the life at Redon was the picking of blackberries, which grew in great quantities along all the roadsides. Each evening great numbers of men picked berries from the rank vines which bore so abundantly, and most units kept

their cooks supplied with enough berries to make cobbler pies and jam, delicacies they had not enjoyed since the good old Camp Bowie days.

The French people refused to eat blackberries or even to gather them, since it was against their religion to do so. One explanation of their attitude has been furnished by a priest in Paris who stated that the French people refused to use the blackberry because wine made from it was supposed to have been used by Judas Iscariot at the Lord's Supper, when he played traitor to Jesus Christ. This priest also volunteered the information that because of the above mentioned reason a governmental edict had been issued forbidding the use of blackberries by the French people.

The food question became serious at Redon, because practically all of the best food was sent to the front and the men back of the lines had to be content with what was issued to them. But one vegetable that constantly remained with them and had done so since their departure from Camp Mills, was the navy bean; the men were served navy beans so often and in so many different forms that they became heartily tired of that vegetable, and especially so at Redon, where the only variety obtainable was a large flat bean with no flavor.

C. R. Revis, (colored) of the 347th labor battalion is responsible for a little verse that aptly describes the bean situation in Brest and Redon:

"It was beans for breakfast; it was beans for dinner;
It was beans for supper time.
It was baked beans, stewed beans, fried beans,
Boiled beans,—beans rain or shine.

Sometimes it was lamb, chicken or ham,—
A stranger you may have seen;
But the thing I mind was I got mighty dam tired
Of eatin' just beans, beans, beans."

LT. COLONEL SLOAN SIMPSON,
Who succeeded Major Rutan as Brigade Adjutant, in October, 1918.
(See Appendix.)

The soldiers were unfortunate in the type of French people with whom they came in contact at Redon; for the majority of peasantry who live in old Brittany are anything but desirable associates. The men are rough, uncouth, illiterate wine-sots, who take delight in abusing their wives and in whipping their children. They treat their stock, especially their horses, which are usually sheltered under the same roof with themselves, with unusual kindness, as if these animals were much more valuable and worthy of

kind attention than the women and children of their households. They are coarse and bestial, and entirely unacquainted with modesty and morality.

The women of this class are strong, coarse counterparts of the men; they do practically all of the work, both in the households and in the fields, are meek and obedient in the presence of their husbands and masters and, judged by our code of morals, are entirely unmoral. They are the mothers of large families of children whom they leave to practically shift for themselves, only assuming enough responsibility over them to provide necessary food and shelter.

As the people in Brest and surrounding country belong to the same class as those at Redon, it is no surprise that the soldiers of the 61st Brigade should have become disgusted with France and her people. But even these low grade Frenchmen had many virtues for which they should be commended; their relations with each other and with the Americans were always smoothed by an innate politeness, even their slightest request being accompanied by an "if you please," and ownership of property was so sacred to them that any kind of little articles, such as clothing and fruit, were entirely safe from their molestation. Americans think nothing of stepping into the orchard of a stranger and helping themselves to a peach or a pear, but these French people consider such an act as outrageous and entirely unlawful, under no circumstance to be permitted. They live in such close contact with each other and are so congested that they have long since learned to oil their relations with politeness, and their appreciation of property rights has been forced upon them because of their slender individual means.

Redon is a very attractive old French town. It has a watch tower over a city hall and a central paved quadrangle which is divided by a stone wall provided with a wicker gate that opens for traffic during the day and closes during the night. Each Saturday the townspeople and surrounding country folk flock to town for market day. Animals of all types are for sale at the market place; chickens, held by strings attached to their feet, hogs of all sizes and varieties, so

French observation posts near Coetquidan.

tamed that they can be easily controlled by one or two women and are therefore allowed to run at large in the streets, cattle led about with ropes by peasant women who are eager to show what good milkers they have, calves with all four feet tied together and thrown cruelly on their sides or head,—all bunched together in one motley mass, with their owners vociferously and consistently proclaiming the wonderful bargains they offer.

Two experienced French traders afforded as great amusement to the soldiers as anything they saw in France, for these fellows seemed to consider that half of their success in making a shrewd deal lay in their ability to out-talk and out-gesticulate each other. They shouted at the top of their voices and swung their arms like flails, often coming in such close contact that apparently they were in danger of doing each other bodily harm. Frequently, while they were in the midst of such an earnest conversation, one of the animals they were trying to sell escaped from them or strayed too far away from the market place, in which case they would break off abruptly in their conversations and dash after the offending animal to bring it back.

Market day was a gala day in France and though held every week was fully attended. During the war enough stock was brought to the market at Redon to fill a block or two on the market street; and the boys never tired of watching the trades that took place there.

On September 4, the Brigade received orders to move overland to Coetquidan, an artillery camp built by Napoleon and situated twenty-four kilometers to the east of Redon. Arrangements for an immediate departure were made and great truck loads of equipment were sent to Coetquidan in advance by army trucks. By 11:30 of the 5th all of the units had assembled near the tower in Redon and the march across country had started.

The 5th of September was one of the hottest days the soldiers had seen in France and the heat proved to be especially oppressive during the march. The men wore packs that averaged seventy pounds in weight but marched a distance of about fifteen kilometers the first afternoon. A large number were un-

able to stand the terrific strain and dropped out thoroughly exhausted.

As the men plodded rapidly along the hot, dusty road they became thirsty and were forced to drink freely from their canteens, so by the middle of the afternoon their supply of water had become exhausted. In a number of towns, where they were allowed to stop for short rests, they made attempts to

The "slum line was one line that the men did not grumble about making, though it was decidedly inconvenient at times to make it when the rain was pouring down heavily and the food had to be eaten without shelter.

replenish their supply of water but in every instance they were strictly forbidden from doing so, since their officers were uncertain as to the purity of the available water. Once during the afternoon they were served their choice of either coffee or a combination fruit juice, but these drinks only increased their thirst and by the time a camping place for the night was reached many of them were in agony for want

of water. The officers made a strong effort to see that men did not drop out of ranks during the march, but their efforts were entirely unsuccessful, and soldiers commenced falling out by the middle of the afternoon. By evening large numbers were left behind. The effect on Brigade Headquarters Detachment, which commenced the march with thirty-five men and arrived at the camp with nine men, is a good illustration of the effect of the march on the entire Brigade.

The camping place chosen for the night lay between two hills and just off of the highway. The ground had apparently been used as a pasture during the last twenty years, for though thickly sodded with grass, its surface was unusually rough and bumpy. But the ground on which they pitched tents did not concern the tired men for they were interested only in getting quickly to bed. Within a short time after the first troops had become settled, the stragglers came in and by dusk the forces were completely reunited. The men were too tired to bother much about supper and turned in for the night as rapidly as they could erect shelter tents. Most of them slept well and arose in the morning refreshed and ready for the day's march to Coetquidan.

The remaining part of the march varied only slightly from that of the previous day, with the exception that very few men fell out of ranks, though most of them declared upon arriving in Coetquidan that another kilometer would have been just that much more than they could have stood. The last four miles lay over a road which wound up hill, and the last mile was so difficult that it took almost superhuman will power to accomplish it.

It is safe to say that of all their experiences in France the troops of the 61st Brigade today retain a more vivid memory of the march from Redon to Coetquidan than of any other.

The Ammunition Train suffered from the hike, for it marched from Fegreac to Redon, a distance of about ten kilometers, before the main march started, and instead of stopping in Coetquidan on the following day, continued the march to Maxent and Louthel, both towns about fifteen kilometers beyond Coetquidan. The men of the Train marched twenty-five kilometers farther than other troops of the Brigade, which made a total hike for them of approximately fifty-five or sixty kilometers. Lieutenant Col. Stevenson in speaking of this hike remarked that during all of his military experiences he had never seen as difficult a march imposed on any troops, trained or untrained.

VII.

CAMP de COETQUIDAN

Camp de Coetquidan, which is situated approximately ninety kilometers north of St. Nazaire and forty-two kilometers south of Rennes, has been used as an artillery training camp for several centuries. Napoleon Bonaparte quartered troops in this camp and remains of his barracks can yet be seen. One old wall of particular interest is reported to have been used by Napoleon's firing squads in their executions, and the wooden pillars of this wall are studded with bullets, though hundreds of the bullets have been removed as souvenirs by both French and American soldiers.

To the north and west of the camp are a number of abandoned French villages, reported to have been deserted years ago on account of a scourge of black plague. These towns furnish excellent targets for artillery guns and were so used by the 61st Brigade during its training period at Coetquidan.

The camp proper contained a number of concrete buildings which had been constructed by the Americans after the war began for the accommodation of their organization headquarters. The billets for soldiers were constructed of wood, and were slight frame buildings without floors. The lack of floors seriously affected the soldiers during the winter months and was responsible for many of them taking bad colds. A hospital of large, roomy, two-story, concrete buildings, pro-

vided adequate facilities for taking care of the sick in camp.

Upon arriving from Redon the soldiers were immediately marched to their billets and before night were comfortably established in permanent quarters. Adjacent to the billets and erected at regular intervals were wash houses where an abundant supply of water was available for washing and drinking purposes.

A group of 111th Ammunition Trainmen eating mess in Camp de Coetquidan.

Here the men quickly removed the accumulated dirt and grime, and after resting a short time began to investigate their new surroundings, which they found to be very pleasant and satisfactory. That evening a "run" was made on the shower baths and the men emerged from the bath rooms feeling better pleased with their camp than at any time since they had left the United States.

Camp de Coetquidan was divided into streets quite similar in appearance and general construction to those in American camps, but the billets were alto-

gether different from any in which they had been housed while in America. Three main thoroughfares were cut at right angles by company streets, which were lined on both sides with wooden barracks. At various points, apparently selected at random, large concrete buildings had been erected. These buildings were chosen as headquarters for the regiments and the Ammunition Train, and two similar buildings were used for Brigade and Camp Headquarters. The company streets were coated with crushed rock which during the early fall proved able to withstand the light rains that fell, but before spring the effect of the long months of winter rains left the streets in a perfect loblolly of mud, and some were in such bad condition that they were practically impassable.

The billets were anything but comfortable, since practically all were without floors, good windows, or rain-proof roofs. The incessant rainfall kept everything damp and the dirt floors were in a constantly softened condition, and as there was no sunshine to dry them they remained that way. This condition was not relieved during the stay of the Brigade in the camp though large numbers of soldiers were assigned to each building, which was made to accommodate as many cots as could be placed in it. Most of the cots were so close together that the men had very little room in which to undress or change clothes.

This congested condition produced the "Flu," and so many men became sick from this disease that the medical authorities issued orders that all men should separate themselves from their comrades by hanging blankets between cots to form more or less secluded chambers in which to sleep and which would prohibit the passage of germs from one sleeper to another. It was a unique sight to pass down the central

aisle of a billet at night and see the many blanket "stalls" filled with cots of sleeping men over which fresh air was allowed to pass freely through open windows and doors. But the stalls and the free air "turned the trick" and the epidemic was soon driven away.

When the 61st Brigade first arrived at Coetquidan, there seemed to be an abundance of water for all

Headquarters of the 111th Ammunition Train at Camp de Coetquidan. Lieutenant-Colonel Stevenson and his staff are shown in the foreground. The 111th Ammunition Train occupied the upper part of the camp close to the drill grounds and athletic field.

uses and the men took frequent baths and kept their clothes carefully washed. But after a short time the water supply diminished and water conditions became so bad that orders were issued prohibiting the taking of baths or the using of washrooms, except at specified hours. Yet even under these conditions the facilities furnished by the wash rooms were excellent, as each wash house contained a long, concrete basin

which extended the entire length of the room, and in the center of which was a concrete frame reaching to a height of three or four feet. Spigots were attached to this frame for the purpose of furnishing water at about the height of a man's shoulders, and these spigots were so plentiful that as many men as could stand side by side in the buildings had an abundance of water for their individual uses.

Long, narrow, concrete troughs, reaching to about the height of a man's waist, surrounded by concrete bases for standing room, and covered by roofs, were provided for the washing of clothes. Water in abundance was available in these troughs at all hours of the day and regardless of the conditions of the weather, men could take their clothes there and wash them without suffering any inconvenience. The soldiers used these troughs regularly, and it became a common sight to see them with their sleeves rolled up, and large bundles of clothes before them, industriously engaged in scrubbing. The business of washing became grave before the winter was over, however, for it was no easy task to wash a lot of clothes in cold water, with bitter winds blowing so hard against you while you were doing it that both fingers and toes became numb with the cold. When the water supply became too low to allow use of the washing troughs the men were forced to use buckets, pans and other available receptacles in washing their clothes, though during the cold weather this work became so difficult that most of them "passed it up," preferring to remain dirty instead of attempting to wash under such trying conditions.

One reason why this work became so difficult was that there was a lack of heating facilities in camp; only one or two stoves,—and they were little ones—

were supplied to each billet, and even after they were secured fuel could not be furnished to use in them. During the last month or two in camp it became almost impossible to secure any fuel and what little the men did get was of such poor quality that it was almost impossible to build fires with it. The chief fuel used was French coal, an extremely poor substitute for the American coal which the men had been

Billets of the 131st F. A. This snapshot was taken on a day when the rain had slackened, for a considerable amount of washing is shown on the buildings, where it had been put out to dry.

accustomed to using in the camps at home. This bituminous French substance somewhat resembled American coal, but the resemblance was only in appearance, for its heating qualities could not be likened in any sense to our good, honest coal. The men had to coax the fires to burn even slightly when using French coal, and at no time were they able to make really hot fires with it. The cooks quickly learned

that they couldn't prepare meals with this fuel, so they secured wood for their stoves and were therefore able to prepare their meals with good fires.

Camp de Coetquidan was well supplied with Y. M. C. A. huts and other war organization buildings. There were three Y. M. C. A. buildings for enlisted men and one for officers, several Red Cross buildings, and a K. C. hut or two. The men universally patronized the Y. M. C. A. buildings where they spent their evenings and other spare moments in reading books, writing letters home and in playing games. The "Y" came to be the congregating place for the men and if one soldier wanted to see another, he usually arranged to do so during some evening at the "Y." Moreover, the Y. M. C. A. huts were especially popular because men were allowed to purchase foodstuffs there

Much criticism has been offered against the Y. M. C. A. in France, especially against the manner in which it sold products, but the history of its activities in Coetquidan does not furnish ground for serious criticism. It is true the men had to pay good prices for the food they bought at the huts and they were often unable to understand why such prices were being charged, but aside from a few disgruntled individuals the general work of the Y. M. C. A. was satisfactory and pleasing to the men of the 61st Brigade.

The building that competed more nearly than any other with the Y. M. C. A. huts was the commissary, where soldiers were allowed to purchase candy, cigarettes, cakes, etc. Since the regular food served to them was not seasoned as highly with sugar as they had been accustomed to receiving in the United States, they craved large amounts of candy and appeared daily at the Commissary and formed long lines to take their

turn at the counters. But a box of candy didn't last very long when a soldier got it, for he was usually so hungry for sweets that he managed to make away with it in a day or two—or in an evening, for that matter. Of course, a large amount of this candy was distributed among friends, so that by the time he had shared with them he had very little left.

A French "seventy-five" in repose. The 61st drilled with the "seventy-five" while in France and became so proficient with it that the French instructors who were assigned to the brigade said the men were better artillerymen with the 75 than Frenchmen were. It is a beautiful piece and can shoot with the best guns in the world.

During the first few days spent in Coetquidan, the technical rudiments of French artillery firing were taught to the men through various schools which were established for instruction in Orientation, Liaison, Materiel and Signalling. French methods of artillery fire were so different from American methods that the men soon realized they must apply them-

selves earnestly if they were to master their new work.

Actual firing on the range was not begun until the latter part of September, when the troops were given an opportunity to demonstrate the knowledge they had acquired. The first results of their fire were extremely unsatisfactory but within a short time they learned to prepare proper firing data and were able to make a very creditable showing.

For four weeks all of the artillery units were kept constantly on the range at firing practice and toward the close of October they had so far mastered their work as to elicit enthusiastic praise from their French instructors. These Americans had come to France without any knowledge of French guns or French artillery but in this short length of time they had been able to produce firing results that seemed nothing short of marvelous to their admiring French instructors. They had done really fine work and deserved the praise they received.

Training on the range was closed by a brigade problem, fired on the night of October 22, when all of the units of the brigade occupied the range. The problem as nearly resembled actual warfare as was possible to develop and all types of firing which the men had learned to execute during their training period, were used. Fire for effect, fire for demolition, and barrage fire were given their place in the night's activities. To the men who participated, the experiences of the night were long to be remembered as being the nearest approximation to actual warfare on the front that they saw while in the service.

After the problem each regiment was inspected and approved by General Stephens. He reported that

the Brigade was in condition for service at the Front and both men and officers expected to be quickly ordered to some active sector at the front. But all of these hopes and plans remained unrealized, as the signing of the Armistice on November 11th removed the need for fighting troops.

Swabbing the piece after several shots. The 75, dependable if kept clean but highly dangerous if allowed to become very dirty, is supposed to be cleaned after every sixth shot.

During the time the artillery units were being trained on the range, the 111th Ammunition Train and 111th Trench Mortar Battery had been busily engaged in training their men for battle. A strenuous schedule of work had been outlined by the commanders of both organizations and the men were kept busily engaged in meeting these schedules. A great amount of close order and extended drill was given and the men were hardened by long hikes. Gas drill and signalling were also emphasized.

Shortly after the 61st arrived at Coetquidan the weather, which had been beautiful up to this time, changed and from then until the Brigade returned to America it was bothered by constant rains. Very few days passed without rain and when such days did come the men marveled, wondering how in the world they could have been so fortunate as to have escaped the usual daily deluge. At first the rain annoyed the men more than it did later, but wet clothing remained a matter of much concern throughout the time spent in Coetquidan. The atmosphere was so damp that it was almost impossible to dry clothes and the only effective plan to meet the conditions was that adopted by a number of soldiers who built hot fires in their billets and sat by the stoves until the clothes were dried. But the longer the soldiers remained in France the less thought they gave to the weather; they soon learned that even though they did frequently become wet there was little damage to be feared from it. Colds and hoarseness became prevalent, but they grew accustomed to these little annoyances and thought nothing of them; they executed their business whether it was done in rain or sunshine and apparently were as well satisfied in the one case as in the other.

Practically the only source of amusement in Coetquidan was that afforded by the "drag", as it was called. The "drag" was a series of stores and selling booths erected along the road leading to the main entrance of the camp. Almost all kinds of small articles could be purchased in these stores and the men frequented them freely to buy food and drinks. Because of the great number of potatoes served to the soldiers at several places along the road, the whole place was finally dubbed, "Potato Alley."

The men flocked to Potato Alley in such numbers that during the evenings it resembled the busy thoroughfare of some thriving American city. The buildings in which food was sold were always filled with a large crowd of men, so tightly packed and jammed that the purchase of food became a process of great exertion and difficult of success. Grapes, nuts, jellies and similar delicacies were bought from the French vendors so rapidly that these people were unable to fill the orders as fast as they were given, eight or ten soldiers often trying to get the same article as it was sold.

The French people are great merchants, and they quickly showed their spirit of commercialism by rapidly changing prices in "Potato Alley" when the Americans arrived. When U. S. troops first reached Coetquidan they were lavish with their money, almost universally refusing to take change from the French saleswomen when making purchases of less than half a franc. For instance, a soldier upon being tendered ten or fifteen centimes as change on a half franc transaction would in the usual American fashion say, "Oh, just keep the change." This extravagant habit soon convinced the shrewd French women that they were selling their commodities too cheaply to the soldiers and they immediately raised the prices so no change was required in the sale of most articles. They raised some prices as much as thirty-five or forty centimes per article, if they were of slight value, and as much as five francs or multiples thereof, if the articles were expensive.

But the freedom of "Potato Alley" was taken from the soldiers a few weeks after their arrival in camp, for so much bickering and quarreling over prices and so many free-for-all fights took place be-

An airplane picture of Camp de Coetquidan, France. The large building just beyond the fourth row on the left is where Brigade Headquarters was established. The large buildings, six in number on the right, were the hospital quarters, or rather, three were used as hospital buildings and three as barracks by the 132d Regiment.

tween them and the French people that the authorities deemed it prudent to refuse the soldiers admittance to the place. Moreover, as camp life in Coetquidan became more monotonous and the soldiers tired of the daily grind of training, they indulged more freely in stronger wines and liquors that they purchased on the "drag," and the officers concluded that the general efficiency and safety of the brigade would

A rest period on one of the long hikes that were made near Coetquidan. After the signing of the Armistice it became customary for all units of the brigade to take as many hikes as possible in order to keep the men entertained.

be better preserved by keeping the men away from the drinking places. An order was therefore issued prohibiting all men of the 61st Brigade from spending any time on the "drag" unless they had business there and could show proper authority for being "out of bounds."

After this, the soldiers were cooped up in their billets, and amused themselves only by sports of their

own making. The most popular pastime was gambling, and even though orders were issued prohibiting crap shooting and poker playing, lovers of these games paid little attention to the orders. Thousands of dollars were transferred from player to player, according to the fortune or skill of the men engaged in the games, and some men, who made gambling their chief business while in the army, reaped wonderful harvests from their less skillful comrades, one of these "sharks" being known to have sent home several thousand dollars he had won while in the army.

On the 13th of September a group of fifteen enlisted men were sent to the Saumur Artillery School, Saumur, France, to study for commissions. And on the first of October another group was sent to Saumur for the same purpose. Each month thereafter, until the armistice was signed, fifteen men were sent to school, until a total of sixty-five or seventy men were sent from the brigade. Work at Saumur was exceptionally fine. The school had been used for military training since 1735; it had been a cavalry school until the entrance of America into the war when it was converted into an Artillery School and placed at the disposal of American troops as a school for training artillery officers. Before the first group of men from the 61st had finished their three months' course in Saumur the armistice was signed and, though practically all of them received diplomas of graduation from the institution, none was commissioned. They returned to Coetquidan, where they rejoined their various organizations at the same rank they held at the time they were sent to Saumur, and became a part of the large class of disappointed officer candidates, known throughout the A. E. F. as 3rd lieutenants, or Dove Tails.

The advanced school detachment which left Camp Bowie July 1st, arriving in France about two weeks before the remainder of the brigade, was met at Coetquidan by the brigade on September 6th, and the members of the detachment returned to their old organizations. These men were used for special work in the branches of service for which they had been

The airplane which was demolished in Coetquidan during the foot ball game between two regiments, when the pilot attempted to fly too close to the ground while watching the game and lost control of his machine, crashing into a truck filled with soldiers. The plane was utterly ruined and one soldier was slightly hurt but no other damage resulted from the accident.

trained and proved of much assistance in training the Brigade for the front.

After the signing of the armistice the bottom fell out of things as far as the soldiers were concerned and all interest in military work was lost. The men knew that they would never be called upon to do any fighting and they could not see why they should be forced to continue training. What work they were compelled to do was done by them in a half-hearted,

loose manner, for no one attempted to put much effort into his work.

About this time the troops began playing football and it rapidly became one of the most popular sports in camp. Practically all of the units produced teams which practiced diligently, and these teams met on the gridiron in several pitched battles to decide the championship of the Brigade. The rooters for each team supported their players in an enthusiastic manner, and flooded the grounds, even interfering with the players, in attempts to get closer to their favorites while they were engaged in the games. The championship was decided by an elimination game between the Ammunition Train and the 131st Regiment, the latter winning a hard-fought victory.

Soldiers of the brigade were not the only interested spectators of the football games, for aviators from the flying field near camp, flew over the football field on several occasions, keeping their machines hovering at a safe height above the crowd, but low enough to allow the aviators to watch the games. During one game an aviator apparently became so interested in the contest that he did not direct his machine as carefully as he should have done, and in attempting to dip close to the ground, lost control of his plane and collied with a truck in which were standing a large number of soldiers, who were thrown about and bruised more or less severely by the collision.

Had the men in the truck not used judgment and dropped flat on the bottom of the truck as the plane struck the top of the frame and slid along it, they would have been crushed beneath the wreck. As it was, however, only a few were hurt and none of them

seriously, except one man from Brigade Headquarters who was knocked unconscious for some time. The plane was utterly demolished, though the truck was practically undamaged. Of the two aviators in the plane, one was injured to such an extent that he was conveyed to a hospital but the other was entirely unscathed and was immediately placed in another plane

A Battery of 132d men at drill inspection on the rocky drill grounds near Coetquidan. Before leaving for America the soldiers of the 61st became thoroughly skilled in drill and were said by inspectors to comprise one of the finest drilled organizations in the A. E. F.

which left the field before many of the soldiers knew what had happened.

After the accident, the soldiers eagerly pressed about the demolished plane to secure pieces of it as souvenirs, and that evening they were to be seen walking about their billets proudly displaying the souvenirs they had been so fortunate as to have secured. It is an amusing fact that not one in a hundred of these soldiers had a vestige of the plane in their pos-

session by the time they had arrived in America. This fate was common to all souvenirs, for that matter; for regardless of how carefully they had been procured from time to time, the limited facilities for carrying such articles restricted the men in their efforts to get them home.

The French roads, hard surfaced and smoothly finished, appealed to motorcycle riders and automobile drivers, who took delight in racing their machines over them. Many a race between motorcycles took place on these roads and such races often resulted in hairbreadth escapes from dangerous situations which developed unexpectedly because of the unfamiliarity of the riders with the roads. It was no unusual sound to hear the deep, vibrant hum of pulsing motors as two or three daredevil soldiers on motorcycles, raced madly down French roads, the exhilaration of the race entirely overcoming the sanity of the riders, who were intent upon winning their contests regardless of the dangers involved in such a task.

In one such race, between two men from Brigade headquarters, the contest lay over a straight stretch of road which led down a slightly sloping hill to a stretch of level road below. The two racers thought from the appearance of the road that they had an ideal race track before them and therefore threw open the throttles of their engines to get a maximum speed. The machines literally flew over the fine road, gaining such momentum by the time they had reached the level stretch that they were making a speed of sixty or seventy miles an hour. Without realizing how rapidly they were traveling or how far they had come, the men continued the race on and on until they had passed the level ground and had entered a more uneven part of the road, which, instead of continuing

straight forward, began to show turns and roughness ahead. They did not heed this warning, but, lost in the pleasure of the race, proceeded onward until the leading man was confronted with a sharp turn in the road, overlooking a precipice with a sheer drop of about thirty or forty feet. He was traveling at such a rate of speed, however, that he could not turn his

The grave of Brigadier General John E. Stephens in the American cemetery near Coetquidan. The grave lies near others occupied by American soldiers, some of whom were former members of the 61st F. A.

machine promptly enough and was precipitated over the cliff, and his motorcycle struck a tree a few feet from the ground below. He was thrown violently against the tree and the machine crumpled over him, pinioning him to the ground, and leaving him in an unconscious state.

The second driver realized that something was wrong, when he saw his friend drop from sight, and he was warned to meet the sharp turn in the road, which he safely passed. He did not get his machine

stopped, however, until he had traveled a considerable distance beyond the point of accident, and when he returned to see what had happened to his comrade he was unable to descend at that point and was forced to continue on up the road to a point where he could descend to the valley. He quickly effected this descent, and hastened to his fallen friend, whom he found pinioned in such a manner that it was impossible to remove him without help. Confronted with this dilemma, he quickly returned to his motorcycle and sped away to secure help from nearby soldiers who, as soon as they heard of the accident, hurried to the assistance of the injured man. They had some difficulty in releasing him from the motorcycle, and when they did get him free they found that he had been severely burned by the motor, which had rested on his back and thigh so long that his flesh had been burned to the bone and the bone itself badly damaged. They also learned that he had sustained other serious injuries from his fall, as both his collar bone and his shoulder were broken by the impact of his body with the tree.

But motorcycle accidents were rare and they afforded the men only occasional excitement. It took Thanksgiving Day to really arouse the camp. This day saw Coetquidan prepared for the usual American custom; every organization served a "feed," the like of which the soldiers of the 61st had not seen for months and months. A few days previous to Thanksgiving, mess sergeants scoured the surrounding country for food, and turkeys, chickens, pigs and other live animals were brought to camp in considerable numbers. Likewise, motorcycle and trucks were sent out in the country for food and they came back loaded with fruits and vegetables.

The men entered into the spirit of Thanksgiving with more zest than ever before, for they were so far away from home and had been so restricted in the amount and grade of food they had received in France that they opened their pocketbooks and gave freely of their francs and centimes for the purchase of "eats." Moreover, the cooks were impressed with the import-

German prisoners who were used at Coetquidan chiefly for road building and other rough work about the camp.

ance of their positions on this occasion and responded magnificently to the requests of their comrades that they put forth every effort in the preparation of good dishes of food. They baked pies and cakes galore; they worked until late at night in cleaning fowls and in getting their meats properly prepared for the big dinner; and they tried in every conceivable way to make a success of Thanksgiving Day.

When the men were seated at the long tables, on which in many instances some kind of dishes, either

paper or granite, had been set, and saw the many steaming plates of splendidly prepared food, they "fell to" and did prodigious deeds of valor in consuming vast amounts of food. But regardless of the enormity of their appetites, in most instances, no man was turned away hungry.

Several organizations were not so fortunate as to have tables on which to serve Thanksgiving dinner and were forced to follow the ordinary method of feeding the soldiers. The day, as usual, was rainy and these organizations ate their meals in the rain, but this inconvenience caused them little worry, since by this time they had become entirely accustomed to rain. No doubt, the meal tasted just about as good to them served in this manner as it did to the more fortunate ones who were seated at tables, though had they been told a few months before that such a thing was possible they would have received the information with disdain and unbelief.

Probably the most elaborate Thanksgiving meal served by any organization was that of Brigade headquarters, where the men of that detachment collected a special mess fund of over seven hundred francs for their Thanksgiving dinner. No better meal than the one served to them could have been purchased anywhere outside of the States. They had chicken, eggs, country butter, lettuce, cabbage, grapes, apples and pears; and wine of two or three varieties also formed a part of the menu, this phase of the meal serving to enliven the occasion. The toastmaster was Sergeant Kent Watson, Headquarters Company, 133rd Regiment, and music was furnished by the quartet from the 111th Ammunition Train. The supper, commencing at 7:30 p. m., was served in family style by the cooks, and closed at 11:00 p. m.

After Thanksgiving Day routine barrack life was again resumed. The artillerymen were sent on all day mounted hikes, in which batteries with full equipment were moved out a few miles from camp to assist in the establishment of make-believe offensive positions. Men of the Ammunition Train and

All ready for their return home. A Battery of the 131st F. A. in Coetquidan.

Trench Mortar organizations and such artillerymen as remained in camp, passed the time in doing drills and routine camp duty.

It was soon learned by the authorities that the only safe plan for the men, now that the armistice was signed and incentive for work was removed, was to keep them as busily occupied as possible with interesting drills or other engaging work. They put this plan into effect and the men had very little time during the days to get homesick and were too tired during the evenings to think about anything except re-

tiring early. But regardless of this special effort on the part of the officers, a great wave of homesickness swept over the camp and the men longed to return to their homes and to business occupations, realizing that every hour spent in France was a loss to them and to Uncle Sam since they could not render any further useful service to their government.

It seemed, however, that General Headquarters had a different idea about the usefulness of this brigade, for on December 18th orders were received to entrain for Is-sur-til, in the St. Mihiel sector. Preparations were immediately made to comply with this order but within a few days it was countermanded by another order which provided for the early departure of the brigade for home. The first order was received sullenly by the men, who believed that they were being ordered to become a part of the Army of Occupation, but the second order was received with a burst of enthusiastic approval that made the camp ring with cheers.

Immediate steps were taken for the turning in of all equipment, which was accomplished by January 1st, only that with which the Brigade embarked at Hoboken being retained. The work of turning over the equipment to the S. O. S., while being highly difficult, was cheerfully accomplished by the happy men who imagined they could see themselves approaching home more closely as each article was turned in.

But for some unaccountable reason the order providing for the early departure of the Brigade failed to arrive at the expected time and days dragged into weeks and weeks into months before it did come. At first, the soldiers were optimistic, and expected the

order to arrive at any day, but after being disappointed for a week or two, they became pessimistic, and morosely concluded that they were to undergo the same heartbreaking delay that they had experienced at Camp Bowie.

The gloomy weather, too, with its daily rains, which by this time had made the camp a veritable mud wallow, aided in keeping the spirits of the men at a low ebb; with their mail tied up and all of their equipment turned in, they had very little to occupy their minds and moped about their barracks day after day, impotently cursing and vowing that Uncle Sam would have to show an unusual burst of speed if he was ever able to catch them again for the army. They were homesick and disgusted with everything about the army, and the A. E. F. in particular.

To add to the gloom of the already dismal camp, General Stephens was sent to the camp hospital on December 30th with influenza. At first he did not seem to be dangerously ill but his case rapidly grew worse and developed into lobar-pneumonia, of which he died, January 4, 1919.

John E. Stephens, of the regular army, though a strict disciplinarian and champion of efficiency among his officers, was beloved by his enlisted men for the deep interest he always took in their welfare and for the just manner in which he governed them. During all of the time he was commander of the 61st Brigade he was constantly solicitous of the welfare of his men and attempted at all times to make camp as comfortable for them as possible. He demanded respect from both officers and men in the 61st Brigade but was always human in his demands. Immediately after the armistice was signed he petitioned General Headquarters to allow the men of his Brigade to visit

the Brittany leave area at St. Milo and just before his death, while he was sick at the hospital, he unduly exposed himself because of his anxiety to make sure that this privilege, which was being unaccountably withheld from his men, was renewed and kept in force.

His funeral was held in camp at 5 o'clock p. m. January 7, all military work being suspended during that time. The guard of honor chosen for the funeral, consisted of twenty-five non-commissioned officers. The escort consisted of a provisional four-battalion regiment composed of two batteries each from the 131st F. A., the 132rd F. A. and the 133rd F. A., two companies from the 111th Ammunition Train and one battery from the 141st F. A., this escort carrying the standard and colors of the 132nd.

Six sergeants from the Brigade were selected as pallbearers and two colonels and two lieutenant-colonels were chosen as honorary pallbearers. Music was furnished by the massed bands of the three regiments in the Brigade.

During the march, eleven minute guns were fired and the ceremony at the grave included a salute of eleven guns firing three volleys of one round each.

The following oration was made at the grave of General Stephens by General D'Amade, Commander, Tenth Legion, French Army:

"Commanding the Tenth Legion, I come to bring the tribute of my country to General Stephens.

"He left his native land to fight and die among so many gallant soldiers whose blood has reddened the soil of France.

"He died prematurely as a soldier, performing his duty in training his men. His place is right here

among them, in this small military graveyard where France will mount guard over them all.

"General, you died far from your kin, and sleep your last sleep in French soil, close to the sea where twice a day the tide will bring you the loving remembrance of your family and bear to them the assurance that your dear remains will be piously guarded over by those whom you came to rescue."

Shortly after the death of General Stephens, Colonel Otho Farr, a regular army officer from the Verdun front, was assigned to the 61st Brigade as its commander, assuming command January 10, 1919. Colonel Farr made no marked changes in the organization of the Brigade but continued it along the same lines and under the same plans as commenced by General Stephens. He came to the Brigade at a time when the organization was in the throes of uncertainty about leaving for home, and he did not have an opportunity of demonstrating his fighting ability. He conducted the affairs of the Brigade in a business-like, successful manner, which resulted in smooth, satisfactory life in camp.

A short time later, Captain MacGavin, from the staff if the Chief of Artillery, A. E. F., came to the Brigade for the purpose of returning home with it. At that time it was understood that the Brigade would leave shortly for the states, and Captain MacGavin had been sent to Coetquidan to join the Brigade in order to leave for home at an early date. He was placed in Brigade Headquarters, relieving Lieut. Williams, Brigade Personnel Adjutant, who was transferred to headquarters of the Commander of S. O. S. at Tours. Captain MacGavin immediately demonstrated his capacity and endeared himself to the whole

Brigade by the manner in which he conducted himself.

The Brittany leave area was thrown open to men of the 61st during the latter part of December, all of the month of January and a part of February, and a majority of the men in the Brigade availed

A street view of Rennes, France, showing the canal which runs through the principal part of the old city. Rennes, with a population (estimated) of seventy or eighty thousand, was only a short distance from Camp de Coetquidan, but the trip over the "narrow guage" usually required two and a half or three hours to make it. After the Armistice was signed, soldiers of the 61st visited Rennes frequently to enjoy friend "oeufs," "pomme de tir," "fromage" and "vin rouge," besides the pleasure of flirting with French girls.

themselves of this opportunity to get away from camp a short time and to see more of France. Probably half of the men in camp visited St. Malo and surrounding towns.

During the last two months the soldiers were stationed at Coetquidan, they spent the majority of their time in preparing for the journey home, though much effort was spent in organizing the different units in

such a way that all men could be easily located after they had arrived in America and had been mustered out of the service. The 131st Regiment perfected an organization quite similar to that of a city government and elected a mayor and a board of aldermen to conduct the affairs of the regiment. This was done primarily for the purpose of being used later as the basis of a permanent organization, when the men returned to their homes. Several active men in the 133rd Regiment conceived the idea of organizing a Dallas Club, which they expected to broaden into a Texas soldier organization after the Brigade had been mustered out of the service in Bowie. They effected a close organization, elected officers, and held several meetings for the purpose of creating interest in their club and for securing the support of the men in the regiment. Sergeant Kent Watson was selected as publicity manager, and it was understood that he was to continue the publication of The Reconnaissance, which was to be adopted as the official organ of the Dallas Club. The other regiments, though not organized quite as definitely as the 131st and 133rd, also developed close organizations in preparation for their home coming.

About this time, interest was aroused in the preparation of histories, and all of the regiments prepared to publish histories of their activities in the war. The ban was lifted upon the taking of pictures and many kodaks were used to secure photographs of the camp and the surrounding country; it was really surprising how many kodak pictures had been taken during the war, even though military rules had prohibited the taking of pictures during that time. After the plans for the writing of histories became known, the men who had kodak pictures divulged their secrets

and the historians had no serious difficulty in securing sufficient pictures for their works.

During the entire time the Brigade spent in Coetquidan two regimental papers were published The Reconnaissance was published at Headquarters of the 133rd Regiment and the Trail Log at Headquarters of the 131st Regiment. These papers, while containing very little news of importance, were received with

Final A. E. F. inspection of Battery "A," 131st F.A. at Coetquidan.

appreciation by the soldiers of the two regiments. The mimeographed copies of the papers were always welcomed by the subscribers. The Stars and Stripes, The New York Herald and the Chicago Tribune came to the camp fairly regularly, but none of these papers contained as much interest to the soldiers of the 131st and 133rd Regiments as the regular issues of the Reconnaissance and the Trail Log. Sergeant Kent Watson edited the Reconnaissance and

Sergeant Hammil, assisted and later succeeded by Sergeant Woodyard, edited the Trail Log.

About the first of January an order was received from G. H. Q. for the Brigade to turn in all horses and equipment, the horses to be turned over to the 64th Brigade, which occupied a part of Camp Coetquidan. The alacrity and joyousness with which members of the 61st Brigade complied with this order were in direct contrast to the gloom and sorrow with which members of the 64th Brigade complied with it. Throughout the stay of the 61st Brigade in Coetquidan, friction had arisen between it and the 64th Brigade, and the men of the two organizations seemingly had been unable to live well together. Many fist fights and little skirmishes took place between the troops of the two brigades at various times during their training period, and officers and men of the two organizations did not feel any too kindly toward each other. The 64th Brigade was stationed in Coetquidan when the 61st arrived there. A short time after the signing of the armistice, when troop movements were started to the United States, this brigade received orders to prepare for the trip home, but due to some unknown cause, the order was rescinded, and the brigade was held in Coetquidan without knowing the reason why it was so held. When the 61st received orders from G. H. Q. to prepare for embarkation and the horses of that brigade were started to the 64th, the friction between the two organizations became so warm that it resulted in a number of encounters and from that time until the 61st left camp the men of the two organizations did not get along well with each other.

By the latter part of January all equipment of the 61st had been turned in, and the organization was

ready to leave for the States, but the order permitting the breaking of camp did not arrive until the 18th of February, when Brigade Headquarters, the 131st F. A., the 111th Trench Mortar Battery and the 111th Ammunition Train received orders to prepare for an immediate departure. The news of this order spread like wild fire over the camp and intense excitement followed. All soldiers were ordered back to camp from leave areas and they came straggling in on the following day.

On February 20, officers who were to remain in France, received orders to report to the various camps where they were to be assigned for further duty in the A. E. F. Preparation was made throughout the Brigade for final inspection, and several organizations were inspected that afternoon.

The morning of February 21st saw most of the units marching from Coetquidan and by the 24th the entire Brigade had left camp.

VIII.

LEAVE AREAS

After the signing of the armistice and it was learned that the 61st Brigade was not to be ordered to Is-sur-til, the soldiers had nothing to engage their attention except tiresome uninteresting drills. Homesickness, and discontent so threatened the camp that General Stephens began the attempt to secure a leave area for his men. He communicated with G. H. Q. about the matter and by the middle of December received authority to send a certain number of men each day to the St. Malo leave area, on the English Channel near the Shetland Islands.

Memoranda were immediately issued to the brigade units, authorizing organization commanders to choose a certain number of men each day for the leave area, and all men so chosen were required to have the sum of one hundred and fifty francs in their possession. It was deemed inadvisable to send men away on leave without money, even when all living expenses were to be furnished.

After the Brigade memorandum was issued about one hundred men assembled each day at Brigade headquarters, where they received passes for the trip to St. Malo and were loaded into trucks and hauled to Guer to board French trains for Rennes. Arriving at Rennes, they were properly checked out of that town by the Assistant Provost Marshal and continued on their way until they reached the old town of St. Malo.

They detrained here but were held at the station by officers of the leave area until all arrangements had been perfected for their entrance into the town. They were examined by physicians, their clothes were inspected and they received explicit instructions about their deportment while on leave. They learned where

The train that run from Rennes to Guer passed through Camp de Coetquidan and men from camp rode on it frequently on their trips to Rennes. It was the slowest thing in France and was pulled by such diminutive engines that the boys sometimes had to get out of the coaches and push in order to help it get over the steep hills. The picture shows how small and poorly equipped the cars were for accommodating travelers. This was one road that compelled the men to buy tickets when riding on it, though they were able to ride almost anywhere else in France without paying for their tickets.

and in what manner they were to be housed and fed and other information considered necessary in making them thoroughly familiar with the leave area and its regulations.

After these preliminaries, which occupied about two or three hours, they were lined up, assigned to certain hotels, for which they received entrance tickets, and were placed under the guidance of soldiers

who directed them to their proper destinations and saw to it that they were satisfactorily located there.

The leave area included the quaint old towns of St. Malo, built on an island of solid rock and surrounded by a sea wall noted all over France for its impregnability; Parame, which is connected with St. Malo by a causeway known as "Sillion," and is a very beautiful old city containing many spots and buildings of historical interest; St. Servan, which lies beyond the other port of St. Malo, on the bay at the foot of a rocky promontory; and Dinard which has a coast line of striking variety and beauty, and which for years has been a leading pleasure resort for tourists and wealthy Frenchmen. Dinard lies across the bay from St. Malo.

The soldiers were divided among the four towns, and were placed in the best hotels, where they were served well-cooked, appetizing food and received the accommodations of welcome guests, this service having been made possible by the United States Government which paid the hotel keepers regular rates for each soldier while he was lodged in their hotels.

When the men arrived at the hotels they were "shown up" by dainty French maids who ushered them into cheerful, clean rooms where their wondering eyes beheld old-fashioned, thick feather beds with white coverlets and pillow cases. They took just one look at these beds and decided that they were amply repaid for all of the inconveniences they had suffered in reaching this spot. They were informed that meals were served in the dining rooms from eleven to one o'clock and from five o'clock until seven o'clock each day and that breakfast would be served to them in their rooms before they arose if they so desired.

After quickly washing the stains of their journey from faces and hands, they proceeded promptly to the dining rooms, which proved to be highly attractive. Tables, either for two or four people, covered with white linens and decorated with vases of attractive flowers, waited in uneven order for them; and white-aproned waitresses completed the pretty picture. They seated themselves at the tables

A high wave breaking over the seal wall at St. Malo, France, which is built upon a rocky island in the English Channel and is protected by the wonderful sea wall, shown in the foreground.

and were served their first satisfying, respectable meal since they had been in France. Beginning with a course of some relish, they were presented with an appetizing five-course meal that left nothing for the appetite to desire.

As soon as they had completed their first meal, most of them found their way to the "Y," which, in most of the towns, was a building that had been used

before the war as a casino. They were greeted here by opportunities for enjoyment which they had never dreamed possible to be found in France. If they desired to dance they found willing French girls who were kept at the casino to dance with them, and good music and a polished floor awaiting their entrance into the gaiety; if they desired to play games an abundant supply of all kinds lay ready for their use; or if they desired good books to read their desires were satisfied by a large library which was near at hand; reasonable amusements of all kinds were open to them.

Each evening they were entertained in the auditoriums of the casinos by wonderful shows and every day they were taken on excursion to places of interest by Y. M. C. A. men who were thoroughly familiar with the points to be seen and who intelligently described them. The excursions proved to be the life of the leave area, for after the soldiers had been there for two or three days and had become thoroughly rested and caught up with their sleep, they eagerly embraced the opportunity of visiting the many points of historic interest in the old towns and their environs.

Excursions were made to Dinan, where Queen Anne had built her castle and had lived for so many years; to Mont St. Michel, one of the wonders of Europe for its site and its gothic, religious and military architecture; to St. Lunaire, a frequented bathing place; and to many other points of interest, such as St. Briac, the Chateau of the Guildo, St. Cast and Cape Frehel.

But of all the places visited on the excursions, Mont St. Michel was by far the most interesting. This old Monastery is located on an isolated rock one mile from the seashore and sits more than two hundred

feet above the level of the water. According to legend it was founded by order of the Archangel Michael in the year 709, by St. Aubert, Bishop of Abranches.

The following extracts from Stoddard Dewey's description of the old Castle gives some insight into its wonderful beauty and attractiveness:

Crossing from Dinard to St. Malo in one of the little harbor ferries. A beautiful and most enjoyable trip for half a franc.

"The view across the bay is, to the east, on Normandy, and to the west, on Brittany. * * * * * The high ramparts, dating before and after fourteen hundred, form an outer circle around the habitations of the island and are strengthened by towers and bastions, * * * The ramblings of the abbey occupy the whole upper rock, into which indeed they are often built; and above all, rises the modern spire of the church with the gilt statute of the Archangel Michael * * *. The abbey is surrounded by battlemented walls. through which single entrance is the fortified gate under the donjon between two turrets * * *"

The point of next importance to St. Malo was Dinan. Historical features and many points of interest were visited by the soldiers in Dinan, yet one of the most memorable features of their excursion there was the wonderful five-course dinner served to them at an old French hotel. The men had never before seen such a meal in France, and very few of them had seen such a meal even in America. They carried away the memory of the great dining hall, the long white-clothed tables, and the beautiful dishes of steaming food, as one of the fine things of their stay in the leave area.

In the words of Dewey, again, let us describe Dinan:

"Dinan, up the river Rance (18 miles south of St. Malo), which offers very picturesque landscapes as the river narrows and expands in successive lakes, has its name from ancient hermits of St. Anthony * * * The best point of view is the tower of St. Catherine in the Square of The Duchess Anne, which forms a terrace over the valley * * *. In front is the interesting church of St. Sauver which has a Romanesque portal and right side, but a flamboyant Gothic left side extending in to the upper part of the facade. The Romanesque side is worth studying inside and out for its twelfth-century carving * * *. A little way from the church through streets with old houses, the slate covered Clock Tower still rings a bell given by Queen Anne of Brittainy in 1507."

Most of the casinos, in which the Y. M. C. As. were quartered, had interesting histories, the one at Dinard being especially interesting because of the American connection with it. It was said that one evening when Harry K. Thaw was spending a season in Dinard and was gambling in the High Life casino he was so lucky as to win the casino. The next evening, however, his good fortune forsook him and

he not only gambled away the casino, but also lost an additional $18,000.

The High Life casino at Dinard is one of the most famous gambling halls in Europe. It has been said that before the war most of the noblemen and wealthy people of France came to Dinard for their gambling in preference to going to Monte Carlo.

A snapshot of St. Malo and her famous old sea wall. This city has been prominent in the history of France since the Danish invasion. It is congested and roughened with age, but contains so many historical spots and buildings that it will always be attractive.

Whether or not this is true, it is an established fact that this pleasure resort was a favorite with the sporting tourists from America and England, for many fine homes and the general appearance of the town show the influence of American money.

Most of the men greatly appreciated the French beds on which they slept and the dining service which permitted breakfast to be served to them in their rooms. They had grown accustomed to the inconven-

iences of camp where they received only rough food and had to do all of their own work, so the privilege of touching a button close beside their beds and thereby producing a tinkling of a bell in the distance which was followed promptly by the appearance of a trim maid who smilingly received their orders for breakfast, seemed almost like a change from Hades

Parame, France, and her boulevard. The history of Parame dates back to the sixth century B. C., and there are some spots on its site that are said to have been occupied by the Romans.

to Heaven. They lay cozily in their beds after having rung for their breakfasts and with sighs of satisfaction awaited the second arrival of the maids with trays of either steaming coffee, chocolate, or milk, finely flavored French bread and jam or fruit butter.

While they ate this enjoyable breakfast, the maids busied themselves about the rooms in throwing open the shutters, in putting the chairs and disordered articles in place and in administering to the men at their

meals. These "Femmes de Chambres," women of the chamber, were usually bright French lassies, who could not do too much for the American soldiers. They seemed especially attractive to the men who had been in camps for so long and who were homesick for the companionship of women.

While in the leave area, the men were given bathing tickets, which admitted them to special bath rooms, where they could take either tub or shower baths. Few of these tickets were used, however, even though for the past few weeks many of the men had been unable to bathe in Camp Coetquidan, for the men were too comfortably located and were having too enjoyable a time to be bothered about such an unimportant thing as bathing. They were having an opportunity to rest and to enjoy themselves and they refused to mar their good times by undergoing such a shock as a bath would surely have produced.

The men stayed in the leave area for a period of several days, when they were assembled at the railroad station, checked out by officers and sent back to Camp de Coetquidan. Their experiences upon leaving the station at St. Malo were very similar to those upon their arrival a week before. They were examined physically, were checked out according to lists and given lectures about the proper attitude they should maintain toward the United States government because of the fine treatment they had been accorded while in the leave area.

They were then placed on special trains and were carried slowly back through Rennes to Guer, where they detrained and marched to camp, a happy, satisfied lot of soldiers even though returning to the grind of camp life. They had acquired a new appre-

ciation for their government and the pleasant memory of their leaves served as an incentive to work.

The officers of one or two units were allowed to spend their leaves in the famous old border town of Nice, where they had the opportunity of crossing into Italy for a few feet. They visited Monte Carlo, climbed the Alps and reveled in the pleasures of famous old Nice.

Parane, France, like St. Malo is surrounded by a high, protecting sea wall, but occasionally, as shown in this picture, the great waves of the ocean break over and flood its broad top.

Many men were given leaves to Paris, and were thereby able to satisfy their desire to see the French capital before leaving France. All who saw Paris were greatly impressed with her beautiful, symmetrical buildings, her winding, attractive streets, her many points of historical interest and her gaiety. They visited the Champ-Elysees, the Place de Concord, the Madelaine, the Opera, Notre Dame, Ver-

sailles and many other important historical spots until they felt satisfied that they had acquired some idea of this most wonderful French city. The subway of Paris was a revelation to the astonished visitors because they had no idea that such a transportation system was possible in France, where practically all of the machinery they had seen was antiquated and unmodern. Though unable to read French,

St. Malo, looking across the channel from St. Servan. This old city is attractive from all sides but is especially pretty when viewed from St. Servan.

they found the subway system so conveniently arranged that they were able to easily find their way about the city.

Rennes and Redon, both lying close to Coetquidan, were made special leave towns for the men of the 61st, and forty-eight hour passes were granted to these places at practically any time the men chose to go. General Stephens believed that his soldiers could do better work when they had some enjoyment

and he saw to it that they were allowed the privilege of visiting Rennes and Redon with great frequency. Every Sunday many truck loads of soldiers were hauled to the two towns, where the men spent the day and returned in the evening.

A few soldiers were allowed passes to the front in order to visit relatives or to locate the remains of deceased relatives who had fallen on the fields of

Old forts in the English Channel near St. Malo. They are forbidding in appearance but very interesting because of the rich legends that surround them. Most of the forts were captured by the Danes in their invasion of northern France and have wonderful histories dating from that time and some of them even before.

battle. Also, a number of men were permitted to visit Bourges, the Central Records Office, in order to search the records for trace of relatives whom they were unable to locate otherwise and had reason to believe had been killed in battle.

During the last month or two of their stay in France the men had little complaint to make of the manner in which they were treated, for practically

the only reason why any man failed to enjoy himself was because he lacked funds with which to do so. The opportunity to go on leaves was given to all men and most of them availed themselves of it and went somewhere if only to nearby small towns.

Regardless of where they went on leaves, however, few paid railroad fares while traveling. According to military rules they were not permitted to travel in first-class coaches, but not only did they ride in first-class coaches, but they also rode free of charge. When a French conductor approached them and asked for their fare or told them to move to second-class coaches, they invariably answered him with a "no compree; no compree" or a "Je ne comprend pas," even though they understood perfectly what he said. Since he could only argue with them and without making any headway, he always gave up the task as hopeless and left them where they were without collecting their fares. Some men used this plan so successfully that they rode several thousand miles in France without paying a cent for railroad fare.

IX.

ST. NAZAIRE

The first contingent of home-going troops left Coetquidan for Guer at ten o'clock on the morning of February 2nd and marched to the station through a hard, cold rain. Before entraining they were given a send off by a few Y. M. C. A. girls, who had come down from camp for this purpose.

The enlisted men were loaded into box cars of the "40 hommes; 8 chevaux" variety, and the officers were placed in cars of the first class, while the non-commissioned officers were assigned to cars of the second class. The privates and such non-commissioned officers as were assigned to the cattle cars used their heavy packs for seats and rode on them to St. Nazaire.

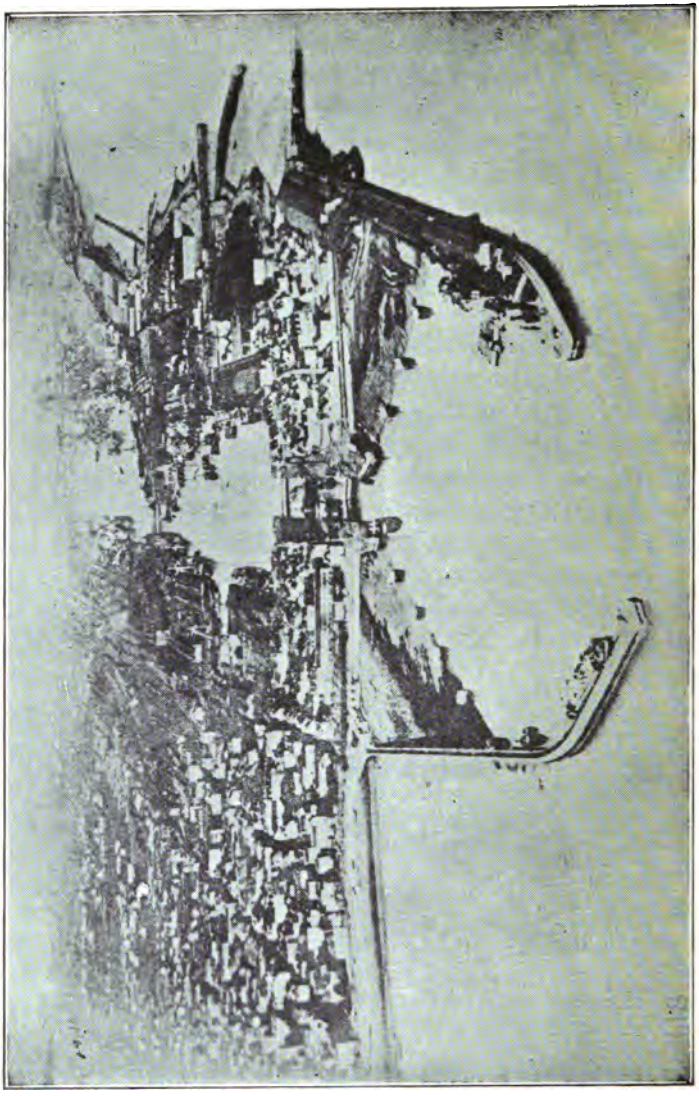
The train left the station only after endless switchings and countless stops and the soldiers were so affected by this delay that their patience was worn thread-bare. The attitude of mind was not relieved by the fact that a steady rain poured down and the poorly protected box cars soon became thoroughly soaked with water.

Sandwiches of butter and jam had been provided for each car, and this food was placed in large boxes which were carefully guarded. Long before noon, however, hunger assailed the troops and they so insistently clamored for food that the boxes were opened and the contents were eaten before eleven o'clock.

By two-thirty p. m. the train arrived at St. Nazaire, which proved to be one of the most unattractive cities the soldiers had seen in France, and they detrained with some misgivings. They were marched through a part of the town, to a hard surfaced road which led away from the town, along the harbor, where several large ships could be seen. As the men caught their second view of the ocean and the salty sea breezes attacked their nostrils, they burst forth into mighty cheers.

They proceeded toward camp, the heavy packs soon telling on them, and after they had marched about a mile they were halted for a rest, which was taken on the edge of a large wall, overlooking the harbor. They stopped here a while to watch the ocean waves break against the wall and then proceded eagerly over a rapidly ascending road to Camp No. 2 which was entered with the expectation of finding billets where they could settle for the night. They had scarcely entered the camp when they were halted, and since they were fatigued from the hike, they accepted the opportunity to remove their heavy packs and to catch a moment's rest.

They waited in line only a short time when they were told to drop their packs and to proceed to a mess hall on the crest of a nearby hill. They were hungry because of the unusual exertions they had undergone during the day and quickly made their way to the mess hall where they were served supper in company with thousands of other troops. They were started into the mess hall through a long enclosed chute, from which they emerged, with their messkits full of food, into a large room filled with rough tables before which men stood eating from messkits.



An aerial photograph of St. Nazaire and her harbor locks. The locks extend a considerable distance into the ocean and during the war were kept closely guarded. Sedment from the Loire river, which passes through the city, has been carried out into the ocean by the current of the stream and has seriously affected the usefulness of the harbor by making the water too shallow to allow large vessels to dock there.

After they had completed the meal and had washed their messkits they returned promptly to their packs and again lined up according to passenger list. They were quickly hustled through an examination building, and subjected to a searching examination for cooties. Only a few had these little pets, but those few were detained for special treatment and the remainder were allowed to return to their packs.

They reshouldered their packs, marched about a mile to another camp, known as Camp No. 1, where they were promptly taken to a delousing plant, at the entrance of which they deposited all of their valuables in piles and left them there in the care of officers who remained outside to guard them.

Upon entering the delousing plant, they were instructed to unfold their packs, to throw their blankets into a large pile and to hang all of their clothes on individually numbered racks, provided for that purpose. These racks which were set on wheels, rested on tracks that led into large, air-tight steel tanks, where steam was applied to the clothes. With all clothes removed and armed with only the protection nature afforded them, the men were herded into another large room where they were given a two-minute shower bath, one minute hot and the other cold. They left this room and were led into another apartment where towels, underwear and socks were issued to them. After they had quickly dried themselves and had donned their underwear, they were next taken into a very large room where they received their deloused clothes, which were still damp from the steam. They were given a new supply of blankets and shelter halves, into which they bundled their remaining clothes, and were marched out of the delousing plant to the barracks assigned to them.

Both the barracks and the three-decked bunks in them were built of substantial pine. The bunks were provided with bedsacks already filled with straw and these were quickly covered with blankets. The men arranged their equipment conveniently in the billets by either piling it under their bedsacks or by hanging as much of it as possible along the walls to the rear of their bunks, and were instructed to be especially careful about display of their equipment, as camp authorities were strict on this point.

Life in camp at St. Nazaire was anything but enjoyable, because all of the troops were under a severe strain in avoiding anything which could possibly keep them from embarking for America immediately. Camp rules were so strict that the men had no freedom and remained in their barracks most of the time, fearful lest their appearance in other parts of the camp might militate against them. They noted with uneasiness that the rules under which the camp was conducted provided for strict observance of all military courtesies, that no loud talking while marching to and from mess was tolerated and that especial care must be observed in the cleanliness and order of their barracks, and that barracks were to be inspected daily by camp officers.

They learned that men had been kept in camp as long as thirty days for committing such minor offenses as failing to properly salute an officer while passing him in camp; that whole units had been retained in camp for thirty days because a few of their men had not been as careful in observing military regulations as they should have been.

Moreover, the men were made apprehensive by the attitude of their officers, who felt the responsi-

bility of getting their men safely through the debarkation camp and loaded on ships for home and who were therefore more cross and exacting than usual. All officers were kept busy meeting requirements of the debarkation officers and were so afraid of making some error that they were less patient than they otherwise would have been.

Great care was exercised in marching troops to and from mess. Regardless of the weather—whether

A close-up view of the harbor of St. Nazaire, showing a number of ocean liners docked at the piers.

sunshiny or stormy—the men were called out of their barracks and formed in lines at mess times to await orders for proceeding to the mess hall. Often they had to stand in the rain for as long as a half or three-quarters of an hour before they could even start to their meals, and after they did get started many units were ahead of them and the mess halls accommodated troops so slowly that they

were forced to halt many times before arriving there. It sometimes took three-quarters of an hour to make the trip. They were not allowed to do any talking while in mess formation, but were marched all of the way to and from their meals at attention. Moreover, they could never tell at what hours they were to have their meals, because their entrance into the mess line was entirely dependent upon the whim of mess officers.

While encamped at St. Nazaire, French money was exchanged for American money and the men were delighted to again see the coins from their home land. They had been using francs and centimes long enough to have grown thoroughly accustomed to them, but they were a pleased lot of men to exchange their French coins for dollars and cents. When they had received American money they felt themselves to be re-Americanized. Very few had French money to exchange and many of those who did visited the Y. M. C. A. canteens, where for the first time in many months they saw and purchased bountiful amounts of cakes, candies and other sweets. They remembered their food experiences on the way over and how hungry they had been for candy and promised themselves to lay in a good supply of such things before embarking on the home voyage, but they were disappointed in this respect, the order for embarkation finding them much too busy to make purchases of candy even had their packs not been too full to allow of additional loads.

The men became interested in learning about the many camps which comprised St. Nazaire, and learned that it was divided into nine separate units, each unit having a specific use. Numbered in succession from 1 to 9, the more important ones in re-

gard to the embarkation of the troops were No. 1, the Embarkation Camp; No. 2, the Reception Camp; and No. 4, the Negro Labor Battalion. Camp No. 8 was used for the purpose of assembling automobiles for shipment to the front and as an automobile repair shop for the A. E. F., and was the largest automobile plant in the world, as many as 60,000 cars having been parked in its automobile yard at one time.

Another camp which can rightfully be called a part of Camp St. Nazaire was Camp Montoir, which was used as a discipline camp, where all troops held for disciplinary action were placed; this camp was usually full. Montoir also contained diseased personnel, who were not allowed to return home, but were placed in pens surrounded by barbed wire and not allowed to even talk to other troops. Some very pitiful sights were seen among these unfortunate people, many of whom were husbands with wives and children at home. The government placed these men in stockades and kept them there until they were cured, making them do hard manual labor in the meantime, or if found to be incurable, shipped them home and placed them in prisons, never to have freedom again. In this manner the army strove to wipe out disease or to at least make it impossible for diseased men to return to America and be allowed the opportunity of infecting the citizens here. Camp Montoir also contained the greatest warehouses in the world, these warehouses having enough food stowed in them at one time to feed the A. E. F. for 60 days.

Each camp had one or two mess halls, all of which were about the same size and conducted on practically the same plan. The men were admitted

to these halls through long sheds which accommodated a column of troops four abreast, and which had four openings to the main hall, through which each line of troops could pass; adjacent to the openings, and so constructed as to form passageways for the incoming men, were serving shelves where

The last hike in France. Going aboard the transport that was to take them home. This was one formation that was made without a hitch and with much pleasure.

food was served rapidly to the four lines as the men came through. After having been served, the men passed on to the tables which were built about waist high so that food could be eaten from them with ease while the men stood. Exits, similar to the entrances, were provided at convenient points in the building and just outside of these exits were large troughs of hot water where messkits could be washed. The giant mess halls had the record of serving an

average of 90 men per minute, and as many as 12,000 were known to have passed through in one meal.

The Commanding General of St. Nazaire was the Commanding General of Base Section No. 1, and his working personnel were secured by assignment from regular units, though it was also increased materially from time to time by home-going troops with special qualifications. None of the latter troops were kept, however, without their voluntary consent. The capacity of the camp was 20,000 troops, but at times it held as many as 30,000. In size it was the second debarkation camp in France, having had as many as 15,000 embark from it in one week, though the normal debarkation capacity was considered to be 6,000 per week.

In all inspections that were made of Camp St. Nazaire by general officers, including that of General Pershing, no adverse reports were made against it. Up to the time the 61st passed through it had never been attacked by an epidemic and troops quartered in it had never been compelled to sleep in "pup" tents, since an abundance of barracks had always been available. After the signing of the armistice, great numbers of soldiers passed through the camp, but its area was not increased, though many new buildings were constructed, as, for instance, a huge entertainment and lecture hall for the Y. M. C. A. and a similar building for the Knights of Columbus. At the time the troops from the 61st passed through the camp a mammoth steel building for play purposes was being constructed and the Salvation Army was building a tremendous structure, which was to have a capacity sufficient to allow the serving of 10,000 doughnuts and cups of chocolate per day.

The town of St. Nazaire is very old, as far as its construction is concerned, but it is comparatively new commercially, having built up its trade after the year 1817, when France began her colonial policy. The population of the town at the time the 61st was there was approximately 50,000, which explains the reason why troops from the camps were not allowed more than four hour passes to the city

The afterdeck of the Aeolus, showing a group of 131st men engaged in a "little friendly game."

The harbor of St. Nazaire, though ideal in many respects, was hindered by the shallow depth of its channel, which, formed by the mouth of the Loire river, was affected by the sediment from the stream as it was carried far out into the ocean. Because of this condition, ships of more than 30,000 tons displacement could not enter the harbor and ships accommodating more than 4,000 troops did not come to St. Nazaire. The largest American ship that en-

tered the harbor during the war was probably the "President Grant."

Troop movements to the ships began on February 25th, when the 131st Regiment went aboard the ship Aeolus. This regiment was followed on February 28th by Brigade Headquarters, which embarked during that afternoon on the converted German cruiser DeKalb. The hike from camp to the ships was made with very little difficulty, since the road led downhill most of the way and the men were happy over their departure. The weather was quite warm, however, and the troops suffered slightly from the heat. Upon arriving at the piers, they were met by Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. workers, who served them ice cream and cake and furnished substantial amounts of candy and cigarettes for use after they went aboard the ships; many games of checkers and cards were also given to the men at this time by the two organizations.

The two above mentioned units were followed shortly by the remainder of the brigade, and all of the organization left St. Nazaire by the 11th of March.

Instead of sailing promptly from the harbor, the ships remained at St. Nazaire for several hours after the troops had gone aboard, in some instances remaining anchored for as much as two days before starting. But all of them left sooner or later and as the prows of the ships faced the high seas the men gleefully turned their backs on France and thanked their good fortune over at last being started on their trip home.

X.

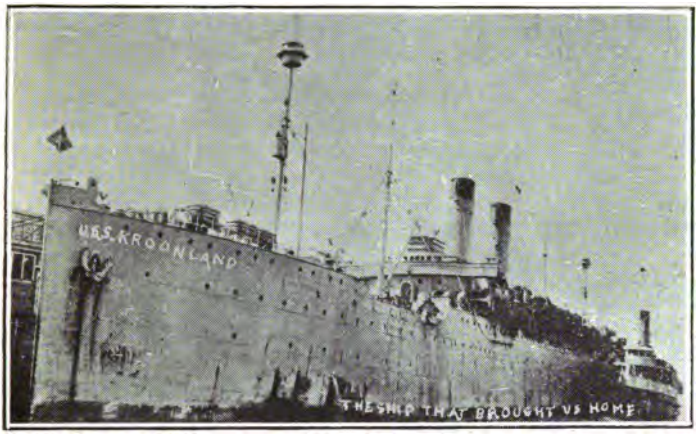
THE VOYAGE HOME

The departure of the U. S. S. Aelous on February 27th marked the beginning of the homeward voyage of the 61st Brigade, the 131st Regiment being aboard this ship. Brigade headquarters and the 111th Trench Mortar Battery sailed from St. Nazaire February 28th, on the U. S. S. DeKalb; the first day of March saw the third unit of the brigade on the high seas, as the 111th Ammunition Train sailed on that date aboard the U. S. S. Arcadia; the Ammunition Train was followed by the 133rd regiment, which sailed from France on the U. S. S. Rijndam, March 9th; the last unit, the 132nd Regiment, bade good-bye to French soil March 11th, when it sailed away from St. Nazaire on the U. S. S. Kroonland.

The troops sailed from France without manifesting any excitement or exhilaration, since they had been instructed by their officers to make no demonstrations. Only a short time previous to their departure a unit at Brest, after having gone aboard its ship which was lying in the harbor awaiting sailing orders, had boisterously bid farewell to France and had so unnecessarily criticised the French people that it was ordered to debark from its ship and was assigned to camp for port duty. Men of the 61st had no desire to be delayed a single moment longer than necessary in their departure and were careful not to make any noises or to say anything that could detain them. Many of them, however, swore softly under their breaths and anathematized France and her people to their heart's content. While they could

not have the satisfaction of voicing their feelings aloud they did derive considerable pleasure from getting these remarks out of their systems.

It is a deplorable fact that the American soldiers returned to America with unkind feelings toward the French, for such an attitude does serious injustice to these people. It is true that the French have many



The liner on which the 132d Regiment sailed from St. Nazaire to Newport News. The Kroonland was probably the best vessel on which any units of the brigade returned to America.

characteristics that are anything but commendable: they drink wine; they appear to be unmoral; they seem unattractive physically and mentally; and the average American feels that he was "held up" by them. But all of these things are only superficial, and, though existing, should not be accepted as a basis on which to form a final opinion of any people. No race producing such great personalities as Joan de Arc, Napoleon Bonaparte, Victor Hugo, Louis XIV and hundreds of others of equal renown, can rightfully be subjected to absolute contempt and disdain.

No nation that has been able to create such a nationalism and love for country, that can fight with such persistence and brilliancy as the troops of France, can be truthfully said to other than great.

Most of the men were guided in their opinion of the French by the type of men and women whom they saw in and around the camps, though it is a

The U. S. S. De Kalb, though a converted German cruiser, proved to be a satisfactory transport to the soldiers of Brigade Headquarters and the 111th Trench Mortar Battery. These two organizations were on the De Kalb fourteen days on their homeward voyage.

well known fact that the majority of such hangers-on are never representative of the highest type of citizenship. Moreover, it must be remembered that the American soldier judged the French solely by American standards and this was unjust because of the radical difference in national customs of the two peoples. To illustrate: The soldiers thought that the free speech and intimate relations of the French women with the men were indications of the lowest type of morality—and viewed from American stand-

ards they were justified in this belief. On the other hand, the French people were convinced that our American women,—Y. M. C. A. workers, Red Cross nurses and other American girls in France—who made a practice of attending social functions with men, unchaperoned while going to and from places with them, were immoral—and judging from French

The U. S. S. Arcadia, on which the 111th Ammunition Train returned to America. The Arcadia was one of the smaller ships of the U. S. transport service.

standards they were right. Thus it will be seen that errors in judgment, caused by ignorance, were common to both the French and the Americans and that lack of appreciation for each other resulted.

It is difficult to understand how any man who visited Paris with a mind open to truth and a desire to become acquainted with the great French capital, could return to America saying that the French people were unmodern, disreputable and absolutely no good. No nation in the world has produced a more wonderful city than Paris and no city in the world

has a finer type of representative business men in it than Paris. For attractiveness, historic interest and even modernity, Paris is unsurpassed; she has beautiful streets, highly attractive buildings and an air of refinement and quality about her that is satisfying to an unusual degree.

The ships sailed slowly westward from St. Nazaire until they cleared the mouth of the Loire river, after which they turned down the coast, and remained in sight of land for two or three hours, when they put out to high seas, homeward bound. The men thronged the decks and hung over the rails to catch a last view of the land in which they had passed eight months, and as they saw France passing rapidly from view firmly resolved that unless it became absolutely necessary in the future they would never return to "frogland."

As the ships plied their way over the blue, rollicking waves, the men were reminded of that other voyage they had taken eight months before, and those who had experienced severe attacks of seasickness imagined they could "feel themselves slipping." But this was only imagination on their part, for the first few hours out were spent in calm waters and not a man had reason to become seasick.

One of the first duties required of the soldiers after the ships got under way was attendance at boat drill. They were assembled on the decks to which they had been assigned, and were instructed by naval officers regarding the nature of the ships and the regulations that governed them. Immediately after this preliminary drill they were ordered to their quarters to stand physical examination. They quickly arrived at their bunks and stripped them-

selves of clothing after which they filed past a line of medical officers, who after an examination, sent them scurrying with towels and soap, to cold salt-water shower baths.

The men remembered their previous experiences with salt water and refused to bother about the

U. S. S. Rijndam, the ship that brought the 133d Regiment home from France. "The rickity old Rijndam wasn't a very fast vessel. The best she had ever done in crossing the Atlantic was thirteen days. But her skipper was confident that she could do better and so he wagered that she would limp into Newport News ahead of the trim-rigged Matoika, a larger and speedier transport. Both vessels left the harbor within an hour of each other, the Rijndam going to sea first. Bulletins were posted each day showing the progress of the two vessels and when it appeared, three days out from the American port, that the Princess was gaining fast, men from the 133d went to the boiler rooms as stokers. Their stamina won the race—the Rijndam reached port two hours ahead of the Princess, breaking her service record by reaching God's country two days sooner than she had ever done on any previous occasion."—Kent Watson, in "History of the 133d Regiment."

baths, except to camouflage sufficiently to "get by" the officers, who were easily deceived by tousled hair and dampened faces. Much grumbling resulted from the bathing order, for the ships were not prepared for this sort of thing, and bathing facilities were both inadequate and antiquated. Moreover, the men were

so congested in their quarters that they were unable to dress and undress without great inconvenience.

After the ships had been at sea four or five hours the waves became slightly boisterous, and, as most of the ships were small, men became seasick. Not many of them "fed the fishes," however, but a considerable number refused to eat anything for a meal or two.

A noticeable feature of the voyage home was the small amount of sickness in evidence; the men apparently had learned how to combat this sensation. Of course, there were some who gave up before they started on the voyage and these individuals remained sick practically during the entire trip. While their sickness was hard on them they received very little sympathy from their comrades who could not appreciate the easy manner in which they surrendered to their feelings.

At about two hundred miles from shore the wind began to rise and within a short time reached a gale of about forty or fifty miles an hour, the waves becoming sufficiently high to wash over the upper decks of the ships and wet many surprised soldiers. It took only a short time for the rough waters to have their affect upon the men and practically everybody aboard ship became seasick; many went below to their bunks and the lower decks soon became practically uninhabitable. The "spell" was the worst one during the voyage but it did not last long.

The food served on the homeward voyage was very good, fresh fruit and scrambled eggs being common for breakfast while good meat and vegetables were served in substantial quantities at other meals. It seemed that the ship authorities had learned of the dissatisfaction which the soldiers felt over the food served to

them during the voyage to France, for they personally supervised the cooking and serving of food on this voyage. One noticeable change in the plan used in serving the soldiers was that they were allowed to receive their food and go up on deck to eat it in the open air instead of being cooped up in hot, evil-smelling mess halls. There was considerable delay in getting all of the troops served, since the men were lined up on

Life on board ship caused the men to revert to the primitive and they rolled together on decks in piles, packing the available sunny spaces on the ship as tightly as they could squeeze together.

deck and marched past the serving rooms, but this could not be avoided as the troops could be fed only as fast as facilities would permit. Occasionally the cooks failed to prepare enough food for all on board and soldiers who were last in line failed to receive a full share of food, but these little inconveniences were insignificant in comparison with the satisfactory manner in general in which the troops were fed.

Each Saturday the ships were inspected by their captains, the previous day having been spent by the sailors in washing everything aboard ship, and if the sailors left a single thing, aside from the soldiers themselves, unscrubbed, the men were unable to see it. The thorough manner in which the sailors went over the ships was a great surprise to the soldiers, who had supposed that military inspections were very much worse than naval inspections. But the sailors were not the only ones who were inspected by the captains of the ships, for the soldiers were lined up on deck and were also personally inspected. These inspections were dreaded by the men for they had to pass the scrutiny of both their own army officers and the naval officers, and the sharp eyes of the latter seemingly were capable of ferreting out every speck of dirt aboard ship, whether on the men or elsewhere.

Also, quarters were inspected by naval officers every day, and special details of soldiers were assigned to the work of keeping floors swept, bunks neatly arranged and steps leading to upper decks washed. Not as much care was exercised by the soldiers in this work as they were accustomed to give to similar work in camp, but in general each deck was kept in fairly good condition until Saturday inspections, at which time it was made spick and span by the industrious sailors.

The weather became warmer after the ships had been out of port three or four days and the men knew by the great quantities of seaweed the ships passed that they had entered the Gulf Stream. For several hours after they entered this stream, they enjoyed the balmy air and the bright sunshine, which

reminded them so much of their southern climate and which was doubly appreciated because of the many months they had been deprived of it while in France. They enjoyed themselves heartily and were content to lie on deck day-dreaming, thanking their lucky stars that they were drawing nearer and nearer home.

After having been on the water for a few days nothing looked so good to the tired soldiers as land, and this picture shows a number of men from the 131st catching their first view of the Azores Islands on the home voyage. The low rocky coast of the Azores seemed to be just about the best looking land they had seen since leaving America, though they did not evince a desire to stop there for more than a few hours, as home was the only thing that really interested them.

But this enjoyable condition of affairs was rudely changed by a storm which bore down upon the ships with great intensity. The wind blew a gale of seventy miles an hour and the surface of the ocean was lashed into fury, giant waves apparently attempting to swallow the ships in their great hollows. The vessels were tossed about as if made of egg shells instead of heavy iron, and though often appearing doomed to

be submerged by the angry waters, they always managed to ride the waves in a right royal fashion. The surging, rolling waves fascinated the soldiers, who clung to parts of the decks and watched the movement of the water as it was whipped about by the strong winds. They saw their ships dip into the troughs of the ocean until the crests of many waves about them easily were 100 feet above the decks and it seemed almost impossible for the ships to successfully climb the great waves; but even while they were fearing they saw the waves fade from view and the ships rise to start down again into other billows. During the period of the storm a speed of only eight knots per hour was made, and the ships were blown considerably off their course.

The 131st Regiment experienced a novel treat in stopping three days at the Azores Islands, where a number of officers went ashore. Several of these officers reported a lively time while on land, for they were unfortunately caught in a street fight between the natives and American soldiers. They were compelled to use rocks, brickbats and other implements of warfare they could find lying at hand in order to make a "safe getaway." They said that the castilian-speaking inhabitants of the Azores were quite attractive until aroused but then were veritable devils, even surpassing in viciousness the subtle Mexicans on the border.

During the home voyage, the men were allowed entire freedom of the ships, their desire to learn more about these great ocean-going vessels leading many of them into the engine rooms, through the officers' quarters, into the giant refrigerators where food was kept, up into the birds' nests, and, in fact, all over the ships from top to bottom. They learned

just how the food was cooked in great steam boilers, and became intimate with the wonderful machinery which was emboweled in the hold of the ships. They found their way to the bakeries, where occasionally good-natured cooks slipped them bits of hot cakes and pies; sometimes when their nerves were equal to the strain, they stole into the kitchen where food for

The first view of the Azores Islands by the 131st on their homeward voyage. The low rock coast line looked good to the tired soldiers, since they had been on the water for several days.

the officers was being cooked, and, if they found the fat, round-faced negro chef in a reasonable mood, they parted from a liberal sum of money and were rewarded with a feast fit for the gods. These visits to the bakeries and kitchens were usually made under cover of darkness as none of the men had a desire to make themselves conspicuous by their enterprise; moreover, it seemed that the "best fellows" were on duty at night.

Much time was spent in reading, especially as the men became tired of the voyage and wished to do something to occupy their time and interest. Books in plenty were furnished by the Y. M. C. A. secretaries and ship chaplains and volumes usually were distributed at random to all who cared to use them. It became a customary sight to see men sprawled at various places on the upper decks, with books in hands deeply interested in stories, for practically the only books that were read were novels, very few other books being available in the lists supplied by the war workers.

The chaplains rendered another service by distributing candy freely among the soldiers. The "preachers" seemed to hugely enjoy seeing the men surge about them during candy distributing times, since the usual plan of distribution was for each chaplain to hold a gallon box or two of candy before him and allow the soldiers to good-naturedly fight among themselves for the contents. Occasionally some greedy fellow reached into a box and filled his hand so full that he was unable to draw his bulging fist through the small opening without losing a part of the candy he had gathered. This usually resulted in such a look of pain and reproach passing over his face that the crowd, while thumping his back vigorously, roared with laughter and ultimately compelled him to be satisfied with only two or three small pieces of candy.

Most of the ships on which the soldiers of the 61st returned had either been captured from the Germans or had been made famous by the part they had played in the war. A description of one of these ships, the DeKalb, which transported brigade headquarters home, will suffice as an example.

The U. S. S. DeKalb was a converted German cruiser, built in 1904 for service between Germany and China, and named the Prince Eitel Frederick. She was used in oriental service until 1914 when war was declared, then was equipped with guns and placed on the Atlantic ocean as a raider, being termed a German auxiliary cruiser, and carrying a crew of 13 officers and 356 men. She was equipped with three 8-inch guns, two 6-pounders and 14 machine guns, besides torpedo launching equipment.

Between August 5, 1914, and March 10, 1915, she cruised 30,000 miles without returning to her home port. While on this cruise she sank eleven allied vessels, which had a total tonnage of more than 26,000 tons. She was driven into port at Norfolk, Virginia, by two enemy battle cruisers, one British and the other French, and was ordered by the United States to leave American ports. She failed to comply with the order and was seized and held as a prisoner of war until the entry of the U. S. into the European war, when her German crew was removed and an American one substituted therefor.

She was immediately given a general rehauling in preparation for transport service and was placed on the sea to carry troops to Europe. At the time she was transporting home the troops of the 61st she was concluding her fifteenth round-trip voyage across the Atlantic, as an American transport. While in the service of the U. S. navy she experienced no excitement from submarines or German naval craft, the only experience that even approached excitement having occurred on her fourteenth voyage, when she sank a German mine in the Bay of Biscay, after having been compelled to fire on it for more than three hours.

Under American control she had a crew of 547 men and 90 officers, and though she was known to have had an average speed of 22 or 23 knots per hour while in German hands, the fastest rate of speed her American crew was able to develop from her German machinery was 16 knots per hour. She

The town of Horta, Azores Islands. The Battleship New Jersey is shown lying out in the harbor. Horta is the town in which men from the 131st had some trouble and were forced to fight their way back to their boats.

carried 16 American guns, which with the exception of two, were located just where her German guns had been.

Two or three days before reaching land the men were greeted by sea gulls which came out in great quantities to meet the incoming ships and to feed on the refuse that was thrown overboard. These croaking birds were welcomed enthusiastically, as they brought the realization that the ships were rapidly approaching American waters. The voyage had been quite pleasant and the men had been well treated and

entertained, but they were eager to get to America and be mustered out of service.

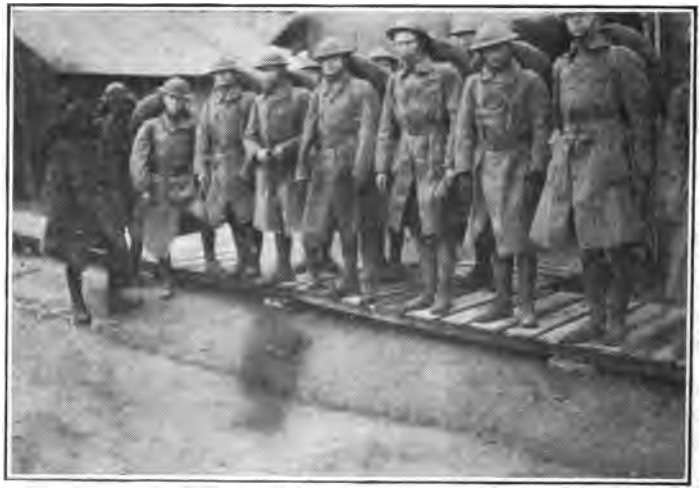
The first ship to arrive at Newport News was the DeKalb, which arrived on the 12th of March. The second ship to reach harbor was the Aelous, which anchored at her pier March 13th. The Arcadia docked March 17th; and she was followed by the Rijndam, which arrived the 20th of March. The last ship to reach Newport News was the Kroonland, which dropped anchor at her pier on March 24th. Thus eight months after leaving American shores troops of the 61st Brigade returned to their native land, so happy over their home coming that even the dirtiest, dingiest little shack in the town of Newport News looked better to them than the finest chateau they had seen in France.

The debarking troops were met at the piers by the ever helpful Red Cross women who served real American chocolates, high grade cigarettes, chewing gum and cakes. As the men marched from the piers to the streets and prepared for their hike to camp, they were greeted by a number of army trucks which were driven by American girls who seemed to the admiring eyes of the pleased soldiers to be just about as attractive as it was possible for girls to be. Then, too, the men were delighted on all sides by "good old American talk."

As the troops swung along on their march to Camp Stewart they received cheers from the citizens of Newport News and to their pleased ears these cheers seemed unusually hearty. They were so elated over being again on home soil that everything and everybody pleased them. They had never before realized what an attractive country the United States

was nor how priviliged they were to be Americans. In marked contrast to all their previous experiences, they found everything to their taste—the streets were fine, the march easy to make, and the camp quite satisfactory when they saw it.

Immediately after arriving at Camp Stewart, they became established in their quarters, which were commodious, well ventilated wooden barracks and they quickly ridded themselves of their packs and proceeded to make themselves at home, a faculty they acquired from their many moving experiences in the army.



Lined up for the hike to the boat at St. Nazaire.

XI.

DEMOBILIZATION

Camp Stewart proved to be one of the most attractive camps in which the 61st Brigade had been stationed. It lay on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, where the sea breezes swept freely over it and stretched over two or three miles of level sandy soil. It was equipped with modern, substantial barracks, which made it both attractive and comfortable. Its streets were paved, the pleasure huts of the Y. M. C. A. and other war organizations were commodious and the Liberty theaters were huge, airy buildings, constructed to accommodate large numbers of soldiers.

After the men had made such preliminary adjustments as were necessary in becoming established in their new surroundings, bedsacks were procured and they were instructed to fill them with hay provided for that purpose. Iron cots of modern make were secured and with these and the freshly filled bedsacks they soon arranged comfortable bunks. Packs were unrolled, clothes were hung neatly along the walls and the barracks were made to have the regular appearance of military homes.

Instructions were now given to the soldiers to prepare themselves for delousing, which they did by arranging all of their clothes in regulation bundles to be carried to the steaming plants. After these preliminaries they were hustled to the delouser and put through it with great dispatch. They found to their surprise that the delousing plant at Stewart was greatly su-

perior to the one they had passed through at St. Nazaire, since bathing facilities were much better and the clothes were subjected to much higher steam pressure. Instead of being a disagreeable task such as they had expected, the delousing process proved to be their most enjoyable experience since leaving St.

Camp Stewart, Virginia, where the greater part of the brigade were stationed after debarking from their homeward voyage. This was one of the most attractive camps in America, being located on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean where the clean, sandy ground became neither very dusty nor muddy. The dim outlines of ships are shown lying in sailing formation in the harbor at Newport News.

Nazaire; while they were in embarkation camp the only bath they had been allowed to take had been the two-minute bath which they were given at the delouser, but here they were allowed to spend as much time under the showers as they chose, and this privilege was appreciated by all. Many of the boys spent half an hour trying to remove the dirt which had accumulated during the past weeks of travel and when this pleasurable task was completed they left the delousing plant feeling greatly improved. They marched back to

their barracks where some remained in bed until their uniforms had been pressed and returned to them.

After having been deloused the soldiers were given freedom of the camp, and large numbers of them were granted passes to the town of Newport News. They left in great numbers to catch street cars which ran nearby, and were carried into town, where they spent some time and money in becoming reacquainted with American stores and shows. They did not appreciate Newport News in the least, for it is one of the dirtiest, dingiest old towns in the United States; during the war so many soldiers had been encamped near the town that the business people had grown entirely indifferent to soldiers, and apparently only tolerated them because they brought increased trade to the town. Exorbitant prices prevailed in all businesses and no opportunity for "holding up" the soldiers was overlooked. It took only a trip or two to satisfy the men that Newport News was no place for them, and that the amusements afforded in camp were much cheaper and better.

All of the units of the 61st brigade, except the 133rd Regiment, which was quartered at Camp Morrison, entered Camp Stewart upon debarking from their ships. The 133rd was sent to Camp Morrison because Camp Stewart was too full at the time it arrived to accommodate any more troops.

The food served at Newport News was the best the men had seen since leaving Camp Bowie, for mess funds, unused while in France because of military rules prohibiting the use thereof while overseas, were spent freely to secure an abundance of rich supplies. The cooks appreciated their responsibilities at this time and outdid themselves by prepar-

ing meals that would have reflected credit upon the chefs of America's leading hotels. They produced cakes, pies, salads, ice cream and custards, until the soldiers cried "enough." This was one place where the officers preferred to eat with the en-

One of the most important duties of the troops at Camp Stewart was that of passing "showdown" inspections, and one of these inspections is shown here. Each man's equipment was placed on his shelter half which rested on the ground, and the inspecting officer saw to it that every man was properly supplied with new, clean uniforms and other equipment. The "show-down" at Stewart was one of the easiest inspections of the war and the men romped through it with astonishing ease.

listed men instead of having their separate messes; not all of them did, however, but such as didn't eat with the men wanted to do so.

Newport News had four camps lying adjacent to it; Camp Stewart, Camp Morrison and Camp Alexander, which were debarkation camps, and Camp Hill, which was a casual camp. These four camps had a capacity of about 60,000 soldiers and at the rate of speed with which troops returned they were constantly filled to overflowing. Camp Morrison

had been built for the occupancy of troops of the air service and was one of the most beautiful camps in the United States; troops were indeed fortunate to be stationed there. Camp Alexander was not so attractive because it had been occupied by labor troops before being converted into a debarkation camp. Camp Hill was a comfortable place, though not particularly attractive except for the view it allowed of the Hudson river.

While at Newport News the 61st Brigade was divided and troops from states other than Texas were separated from their organizations and sent to join casual troops scheduled for their own states. Oklahoma troops were sent to Camp Hill and from there to Camp Pike, Arkansas for demobilization. Rather, that was true of all Oklahoma troops except the 111th Ammunition Train, which was sent to Camp Bowie to be mustered out.

The first troops of the 61st to leave debarkation camp were Texas men of Brigade Headquarters and the 111th Trench Mortar Battery, who entrained March 19th. These troops were followed by the 131st Regiment, which left Camp Stewart on March 19th. The 133rd Regiment was entrained and started on its home trip by the evening of March 25th, having been preceded three days before that time by the 111th Ammunition Train.

After the departure of the 133rd the 132nd Regiment was the only unit of the 61st that was left in the debarkation camp and this organization left for Texas by the 29th of the month.

All of the troop trains went to Texas over the southern route, though the 131st dipped farther south than any of the others and traveled by way of New

Orleans to Camp Travis. It arrived at Camp Travis March 24th, where it was met by thousands of San Antonio citizens, who were at camp to extend a royal welcome to the home-coming boys. These loyal citizens had prepared an elegant supper in one of the barracks that were to be occupied by the 131st, and every man in the organization received a meal here that surpassed in excellency even the splendid meals he had been receiving in Camp Stewart.

The 111th Ammunition Train followed practically the same route as that by which they had gone from Bowie to Mills, except that they deflected at Little Rock, Ark., and went by way of McAlester, Oklahoma, where they were met by the townspeople and served to a municipal dinner. From McAlester the train proceeded to Oklahoma City, where a night was spent and practically every soldier in the organization was entertained by some family in the city.

On the following day the organization paraded in Oklahoma City where the citizens turned out en masse to see the homecoming boys, and to the people who had remained at home, the soldiers of the Train seemed especially fine and stalwart, their tanned faces, muscled frames, and upright bearing proving that the long period spent in the army had developed them both mentally and physically. These were the first Oklahoma troops to pass through Oklahoma City and the citizens extended splendid welcome to them. Every available spot on the sidewalks was occupied by admiring, cheering home folks, who tried in every way possible to make the boys feel how proud and glad the city was to see the organization safely returned home.

The preceding evening the Train had been entertained with a banquet, and the men yet retained a vivid and pleasant memory of the splendid meal, where everything imaginable in the way of good food had been provided. Though they had been receiving good food since arriving at Newport News,

Each town through which the troops passed had its Red Cross women and the soldiers quickly learned to expect "eats" when they approached these places. The boys will never forget the great debt they owe to the Red Cross, both on this side and "over there," for the great work done by that organization. This snapshot was caught at Mobile, Alabama, and shows the fellows with their cups in hand waiting for the coffee can to come along. Some of them have sandwiches and seemingly are pleased over the manner in which the serving is being conducted.

this supper surpassed anything they had seen for months and each man did full duty to his share of "eats."

Immediately after the banquet the soldiers were taken to picture shows, where they enjoyed the playhouses and were entertained as civilians. Only the soldier who has been through the grind of army life can appreciate just how these men felt

when they realized that they were again in their home city, practically free, and only a few short days removed from absolute freedom. The visits to their homes, or to hospitable friends made them realize more poignantly the tremendous difference between soldier life and civilian life, and they could scarcely wait for the time when they would receive their discharge papers and could return again to free lives.

After their parade in Oklahoma City the Ammunition Train was marched to its cars, which had been tracked on the sidings near the old Frisco Station, and the troops entrained for the last lap of their journey which was to bring them to their starting point, Camp Bowie. The loading was done with dispatch and without any lost motion, as the men had become thoroughly experienced by this time in quickly and smoothly boarding cars. As the trains slowly pulled away from the siding, the departing troops were given a ringing farewell by the happy crowd of mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, brothers, fathers and friends who realized that the departure of the troops this time signified nothing more than a short separation and not the heartbreaking goodby which had taken place at the time the troops had left for camp.

The first stop out of Oklahoma City was at El Reno, where the troops were welcomed heartily by the citizens and the Red Cross ladies served the boys to the customary good things to eat and drink, while the cheering townspeople demonstrated their approbation of the proceedings. Similar experiences were encountered by the men at practically every station they

passed in Oklahoma, as each town attempted to outdo its neighbors in welcoming the men home.

The train arrived in Fort Worth at about 11 o'clock at night and the troops were held in their coaches until morning, when they were detrained and marched to camp. Each man in the organization was anxious to see old Camp Bowie, and the men made merry among themselves in discussing the home-like appearance of the camp and the unchanged condition of everything. Instead of being relocated in the part of camp where they had spent their training period they were marched to the part previously occupied by the infantry of the 36th division. As the men walked along the road through camp and saw the many familiar sights they recalled many experiences of training days, and though many of those experiences had been anything but pleasant at the time of their occurrence, they afforded great merriment now that the boys could look back laughingly on the sorrows and troubles of old Camp Bowie days. A turn in the road here, a bypath there, and a thousand and one familiar scenes reminded the soldiers of the many months they had spent in Bowie, and it was surprising how quickly they felt at home and how easily they again fell into the ways of the camp.

After being billeted, they were immediately called to attention by camp officers, who informed them that the work of mustering out would be carried forward with dispatch and that the soldiers would, in all probability, be away from camp within three or four days. Especial emphasis was laid upon the need for every man to remain in and about camp where he could be reached at all times, as it was pointed out that there would be something doing prac-

tically every minute of the time, and, in view of the great numbers of troops who were passing through Camp Bowie to be demobilized, disregard of this order would militate against the quick discharge of any man guilty of disobeying it. The men were duly impressed with these instructions, but during the months they had been in the service they had learned to accept as the truth only a certain percentage of what they heard and they proceeded to forget the greater part of the instructions, and left for town and good times just as quickly as the opportunity presented. Fort Worth had never looked half as good to them before as it did now and they just simply couldn't resist the temptation to see the town and once again walk its crowded streets to the hotels and picture shows. Good money separated from good soldiers very rapidly at this time, for the men ate good food and saw shows as long as their money lasted.

Regardless of the waywardness of the more venturesome spirits, the work of demobilization proceeded rapidly and the men were put through the various required activities in record time. In fact, most of the soldiers found themselves so busy they did not have time to run around much, the first duties—that of turning in equipment—proving that they had two or three days of strenuous work ahead of them before they could secure their freedom. The turning in of equipment was not easy, for every man had to see that his material was in first-class condition before it would be accepted by the camp authorities; guns were polished and cleaned and every little speck of rust and dirt was removed from them; haversacks, rifle belts and similar equipment were scrubbed until all signs of dirt were removed; every-

thing underwent the close scrutiny of the men who saw to it that all field equipment was put in shipshape condition.

After the equipment had been turned in and properly checked, the men were subjected to rigorous physical examinations. They were ushered into offices where they received papers containing full information about them, such as army serial number, rank, etc., and then were sent into examining rooms where they removed their clothes and passed before long lines of critical, eagle-eyed medical officers, who seemed more anxious to find defects or diseases among the men than not to. Regardless of whether or not a man felt himself to be all right, entirely sanitary and without disease, when he entered these rooms by the time he had gotten very far down the line of examining officers he felt some trepidation about being able to pass through safely. And, my goodness, what an examination it was! If there was anything overlooked neither the men nor the doctors knew it, for this final examination was much more thorough than any of the physical examinations had been at the time the men were taken into the service. Those who passed through this trying ordeal and came out with their papers marked "O. K." were ready for resumption of civil life, for they knew that the folks at home had little to fear from them in the way of disease.

The only remaining thing for them to do was to receive their discharges, which duty they performed to perfection. Pay rolls had been prepared and signed in preparation for the issuance of discharge papers, and as each man filed past headquarters to receive his discharge, he was also paid his last month's wages, a sixty dollar bonus, and travel pay

to the point where he was scheduled to go. The travel pay was quickly converted into tickets, or rather a part of it was—as each man was allowed five cents a mile from the camp to the place where he had enlisted or had been inducted into the service—and his ticket was sold to him at a cost of only two cents a mile. For the first time in months, the men felt themselves "loaded" with American money, as before this time the greatest sum in the possession of any soldier had been one month's pay or less.

The experiences of the Ammunition Train, while not entirely parallel to those of the other organizations in the brigade, were practically the same and can be accepted as representative of the entire brigade. Of course, each organization had its own individual experiences, but in the main they differed only slightly from the general plan of demobilization, which has been described. At any rate, by the 10th of April, 1919, the Sixty-First Brigade was only a memory, as all units of that organization had been mustered out and the men returned to civilian life.

Though each man was hilariously happy over being able to doff his uniform for "cits," it was with a feeling akin to sorrow that he turned his back on army life, where he had been directed in his efforts, where the responsibility of his actions had rested upon someone else, and where he had left worry to the other fellow. He dimly realized that the comradeship and close associations formed in the service were very dear to him and were likely to be missed in his struggle to get along in the business world. But relief from the bondage under which he had been laboring during months spent in the army was so pleasing to him that such dim regrets as entered his mind at this time did not seriously affect his pleas-

ure. He said to himself that he had served his "hitch" and was satisfied to call it a complete piece of business, letting the other fellow "re-up," while he turned his attention and interest to again finding his place in peaceful activities.

It was a fine thing to see the faith with which the soldiers returned to their homes and the earnest manner in which they settled themselves to play the parts of men. They reasoned that since they had fought for America and American ideals their country must be glad to welcome them back into the business world where they would be given full opportunities to demonstrate what they had learned and were able to do. Of course, a large number of the men gave themselves over for several weeks to visiting and enjoying themselves, without attempting to get settled again in business, but by far the greater number immediately secured positions and began the task of rebuilding their businesses and in making up for lost time. These realized that they had been on more of a vacation than had the folks at home and that, instead of visiting and wasting their time, they needed to make all possible speed in re-establishing themselves.

Regardless of the quickness with which they entered again into business activities, it early became evident that the majority of the soldiers had returned from the war with new ideals and with greatly increased capacities. They were older, more experienced, better educated and above all, broader minded than upon their entry into camp. Before the war many of them had never been outside of their states, and some of them had not been outside of their counties, but their wonderful experience in the trip to France and return home, had so broadened their vis-

ions and enlarged the horizon of their lives that they had developed with a rapidity surprising even to themselves. Likewise, the comparison of America with France had proved that the one spot in the universe the most dear and pleasing to them, was home—especially the home in the United States. Practically all of them had idealized Europe and the European people in their minds before the war, but after having seen Europe and her people they keenly realized that their own country and people were infinitely superior to all other countries and peoples. In other words, they returned home satisfied—satisfied with their country, their people and their homes.

Without doubt these newly-made men were at least twenty-five per cent more efficient upon the day they were mustered out of the army than upon the day they were taken into the army, though, of course, this was not true of all, for the very thing that had developed a majority of the men, served to hinder the development of others. Some men, instead of developing under the direction and supervision of army officers, lost all of their initiative and personality by reason of having someone always at hand to do their thinking for them. But taken as a whole, the men of the 61st Field Artillery Brigade returned to their homes better Americans and better citizens than they could possibly have been had they not passed through the experiences of war. They were representative of the average American soldiers and reassumed the duties of free-born Americans in the same loyal, earnest manner that had been so noticeable in their response to the needs of the nation at the beginning of the war.

And thus we leave them, separated into different spheres, but settling down to enjoy the fruits of their labors during the two years they were in the service of "Uncle Sam."

APPENDIX

COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE 61ST F. A. BRIGADE.

BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE BLAKELEY.

A "high-up" in official military circles at Washington, in speaking of General Blakeley, once said: "He is probably the most brilliant artillery officer in the Southwest, and possibly in the United States."

To those who knew General Blakeley this statement rang true, for the spare, keen-eyed commander of the 61st F. A. Brigade was the incarnation of efficiency. At least, so it seemed to the officers of his own brigade, for many of them expressed the sentiment so forcibly stated by one of their number who said "he would rather face a firing squad than be quizzed by General Blakely on his knowledge of artillery."

The General was a quiet man, unassuming, not too exacting of his men insofar as form and courtesies were concerned, but relentless and immovable in his demands for efficiency in their artillery work. He established schools for all ranks and demanded that they be attended; he personally supervised the work on the range; and he kept his officers "on their toes" by giving them individual instruction and by sending practically all of them to Officers' Schools, at Fort Sill and San Antonio. He was more or less interested in having his soldiers know how to do Squads Right and Left, but he demanded that they know artillery.

This attitude of mind is not suprising when we know that General Blakeley was a graduate of West Point and for a number of years was an instructor of mathematics in that institution. His ability as a mathematician was recognized throughout the nation, and his training and connection with the great military school at West Point had fitted him admirably for the task of making artilleryman out of green material, such as that comprising the 61st Brigade when he assumed command of it. It is safe to say that the efficiency that the 61st Brigade later acquired in France was

largely due to the painstaking effort General Blakeley made to train the men while they were at Camp Bowie.

General Blakeley had the ability of picking men, and, though it was a surprise to his brigade, he chose his Brigade Adjutant from another branch of the service. He scouted around among the other organizations in the 36th Division until he found Major Wilton Rutan, an Infantry officer, and regardless of the fact that he was only twenty-three years of age and had no artillery training, took him to Brigade Headquarters of the 61st and placed him in the position of Brigade Adjutant. That the General's choice was a wise one was proved to the satisfaction of everyone, for the young major proved his ability and worth in a surprisingly short time.

It was a distinct shock to the 61st Brigade when General Blakeley was transferred from it to a division of Coast Artillery—that is, it was a surprise until the men learned that their General was to be advanced another grade, then all took pride in having had a Commanding Officer of such capacity that he should be selected for advancement and placed in command of a division that was to leave for France. The whole brigade was sorry to see him leave, but felt pride over his progress.

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN E. STEPHENS.

General Stephens came to the 61st from the regular army, where he had seen years of service, both in the United States and abroad. He was a graduate of West Point and was considered by the War Department to be one of the best artillery officers in the army. His rise had been rapid, for at the time he joined the brigade he was a comparatively young man, and it was predicted by many who knew his record that he would distinguish himself in France.

When he joined the brigade at Camp Mills, he made few changes in the organization, but spent most of his time in becoming acquainted with his officers and men. His first changes in the brigade were made on board ship, as the brigade "went across," but from that time until his death he was constantly looking about for better men to fill the places of responsibility in his organization. After the brigade arrived in France, especially after reaching Coetquidan, he rearranged the greater part of the brigade and organized it according to his own ideas.

The General was a strict disciplinarian and demanded uncompromising obedience and courtesy from his officers as well as from his enlisted men. He was always kind and courteous, but was also firm and commanding. If he was known to have made any discrimination, whatsoever, it was probably in favor of his enlisted men, for he had a "soft spot" in his heart for "the boys." He was

fatherly and interested in the men in his dignified way, and no man in his command felt that he was other than fair. He was strict and punctilious in his own affairs and was exacting of his soldiers, where their efficiency and training were involved. Whenever he passed a group of men who failed to properly salute him, or when he learned of any laxness in the observance of military regulations in the 61st he always made a point of correcting these matters personally.

Though demanding that his men deport themselves always as good soldiers and that they be alert and ready for duty at all times, General Stephens appreciated the value of proper entertainment for his men and was therefore untiring in his efforts for securing leave areas and resting places for them. Moreover, after the signing of the armistice, he allowed the soldiers of the 61st to visit the towns surrounding Camp Coetquidan, almost as freely as they chose.

General Stephens constantly visited other officers in the A. E. F. before the signing of the armistice, to learn more about conditions and to keep informed about developments and innovations in his branch of the service. His automobile driver said he was indefatigible in his efforts to see as many general officers as he could during the time his brigade was training for the front, and this zeal on his part was probably instrumental in his death, for the exposure he underwent during his travels was great. He died of lobar pneumonia in Camp de Coetquidan.

COLONEL OTHO FARR.

Colonel Farr came to the 61st Brigade after the death of General Stephens. He was assigned to command the brigade, with orders to accompany it to the states, and assumed command on January 10, 1919.

He was born in Maine in 1871, took the usual schooling, had one year in college and was then sent to West Point, where he graduated in 1893. He served at various posts throughout the United States and took part in the expedition of Santiago troops in 1898.

His promotion started in 1899, when he was made a 1st lieutenant, and continued gradually until 1917, when he was promoted to the grade of colonel.

In December 1917, he joined and assumed command of the 10th F. A. which he accompanied to France, arriving May 12, 1918. He commanded the regiment through the Aisne-Marne drive in July and August and commanded the 51st F. A. Brigade from August 20th

to November 28th, during which time that brigade took part in the St. Mihiel defensive in September, and fought north of Verdun in October and November.

REGIMENTAL COMMANDERS OF THE 61ST F. A. BRIGADE.

COLONEL CLAUDE V. BIRKHEAD.

Colonel Claude Vivian Birkhead was born May 27th, 1878, in Phoenix, Arizona. He attended grade school, but the best schooling he received as a boy was his experience as a newsboy. He graduated from High School at Waco, Texas, and then entered the law office of Henry V. Stribling, to study law. He was admitted to the bar on November 10th, 1896, and practiced law in Waco until 1904.

From Waco, the Colonel moved to San Antonio, Texas, where he later served as judge of the 73rd District Court from 1910 to 1912, and then returned to the practice of law with his present firm of Taliaferro, Cunningham and Birkhead of San Antonio, Texas.

Colonel Birkhead organized Battery "B," 2nd Texas F. A., in June, 1916, and served as its commander until June, 1917, when he was authorized to raise a regiment of field artillery, the "2nd Texas." He was promoted to the rank of Lt. Colonel on July 20th, and was made commander of his newly organized regiment. On August 4th he was again promoted, to the rank of Colonel, and reassigned as commander of the 2nd Texas Field Artillery.

He graduated from the Civilian Training Camp at Camp Wilson, San Antonio, which he attended from June 6th to July 8th, 1916; he attended Brigade and Field Officers' School at Ft. Sam Houston in January, 1917; he was a student at the Staff and Field Officers' School, Camp Bowie, and War Course School of Fire, Ft. Sill, 1918; and graduated from the School of Fire, Coetquidan, France, in 1918.

The 131st (2nd Texas) F. A., was commanded by Colonel Birkhead from August 5th, 1917, to April 2nd, 1919, when it was demobilized at Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas.

Colonel Birkhead was a forceful, vigorous officer, who maintained strict discipline in his regiment and fearlessly supported what he believed to be right. His open denunciation of the management of Brest, when he said the "officer who was responsible for the frightful conditions at Brest should be court-martialed,

regardless of whether or not he was the rankest 2nd lieutenant or the Commanding Officer of the A. E. F.," is representative of his demand for fair treatment and justice.

His famous slogan, "First in Spite of Hell," became widely known throughout the brigade and in the A. E. F. and it was freely predicted by all who knew him that if he had been given an opportunity at the front, he would have been one of the strongest fighting colonels in the army. His men respected his ability, but feared his criticism and his grip over the 131st was close at all times.

COLONEL ARTHUR R. SHOLARS.

Colonel Sholars has been prominently connected with the military history of Texas since 1898, when he was made captain of Company "H," 4th U. S. Volunteer Infantry, and saw service with it in the Spanish-American war.

In 1902 he accepted a captaincy in the 3rd Texas Infantry and served with the 3rd until 1914. He was on the border in 1916, as commander of the 3rd Battalion, 3rd Texas Infantry.

In March, 1917, he was called back into Federal Service, and on May 19th, was promoted to the rank of colonel. When the 61st F. A. Brigade was formed in September, Colonel Sholars was placed in command of the 132nd F. A. Regiment.

During his service with the Texas National Guard Colonel Sholars attended all officers' schools and encampments; and while at Camp Bowie he was sent to the Artillery School of Fire at Fort Sill and completed the course there December 20th, 1917. He was then sent to the Field Officers' School at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, from which he returned February 1st, 1918.

Colonel Sholars remained in command of the 132nd F. A. through the World War, from Bowie to France and return home. He was senior colonel in the 61st and during General Blakeley's command of the brigade, was left in command of the brigade during the absence of the General.

Tall, broad-shouldered, with black hair and brown eyes, the colonel is a quiet, forceful man, who at no time while in command of the 132nd regiment, became excited or lost his temper. He was firm, but courteous, and his soldiers obeyed him because they trusted and respected his judgment.

The headquarters of Colonel Sholars, at Camp de Coetquidan, was always accessible to anyone who had business with his regiment, regardless of whether the visitor was an enlisted man or an officer. Colonel Sholars believed in military discipline and effi-

ciency, but he detested autocracy of military rank. His views on this matter made him very popular with his men.

When mustered out of the 61st Brigade, Colonel Sholars returned to Orange, Texas, where he resumed the practice of medicine.

COLONEL FRED A. LOGAN.

The "terrible" commander of the 133rd regiment, was a military man, first, last and all of the time! His creed and religion were EFFICIENCY. Most of his life had been spent in the military service—thirty-six years in all—mostly with the Texas National Guard, and he thought and lived according to military principles.

Colonel Logan was one of the most prominent military figures in the Texas Guard when the war opened and his assignment to the command of a regiment was no surprise to his many friends and admirers. He had risen from the ranks to the grade of captain, and his record for achievement and efficiency was so good that his choice for the post of colonel, was altogether fitting and proper.

He entered into the work of making the best artillery regiment in the United States Army, immediately after arriving in Bowie, and he had that same goal ever before him until the armistice was signed. His efforts were tireless and his demands upon his men were ceaseless during the training periods in Camp Bowie and in Camp de Coetquidan. In truth, before the brigade left France, Colonel Logan and hard work came to be synonymous terms to the soldiers of his regiment. His men worked hard all of the time, for he reasoned that the only way to make soldiers was to train them, and that the only way to train soldiers was to have them utilize all of the time available, in their work. His regiment did a great deal more work than the other regiments in the brigade and at no time were his men given much freedom.

It can be said for the Colonel that he had a fighting regiment and one that would have given a wonderful account of themselves if they had ever gotten a chance at the front line, but his men did not think of that part of their work, but grumbled and chafed under the severe strain he imposed upon them. They did not question their Colonel's ability or efficiency, but on the contrary rather deplored them, because he could not sympathize with those who were not as efficient as he.

Colonel Logan was brusque, stern and difficult to approach: he was ready to talk to any man who had "anything to say," but demanded that business, and business only, be discussed in his

headquarters. He was the embodiment of military zeal and tolerated nothing that ran counter to his militarism. He was intensely ambitious and tried to make his regiment the best in the army.

Upon the return of the 133rd to Camp Bowie, to be mustered out of service, Colonel Logan was placed in command of the camp and remained as commander for a considerable time before leaving the service.

LT. COLONEL H. E. STEVENSON.

In 1881, when the Stevenson Brothers moved from California to the Long-horn state, Colonel H. E. Stevenson, then a boy, came with them to Ysleta, El Paso County, Texas. When the county seat was transferred from Ysleta to El Paso, in 1887, the Colonel's father moved to the latter town in order to give his son an opportunity to attend High School; and within two years the boy had won his "sheep-skin" from the El Paso High School.

During his attendance in High School young Stevenson was an active member of the Cadet Corps, serving as a lieutenant and later as a captain in that organization. His rapid rise in the corps was due partially to the previous military training he had received under a West Point graduate and a U. S. Army officer, though principally to his personality and ability.

From the High School Cadet Corps Captain Stevenson went to Company "H," 4th Texas National Guard Infantry, which he commanded for a short time before entering the University of Chicago to study medicine, in 1895.

In 1898 he joined the 7th Illinois Infantry, with which he served through the Spanish-American war. After returning from the war he resumed work in Chicago University and graduated from the medical department of that institution in 1899, when he returned to El Paso, where he was immediately commissioned a lieutenant and made a Battalion Adjutant in the Texas National Guard, stationed at El Paso.

Later, he was made a captain in the Texas Guard and in 1914 was commissioned Major of Infantry, commanding a battalion in May, 1916, when President Wilson issued a call for troops to serve on the border. With the increase in the Guard in 1917, Major Stevenson was advanced to Lt. Colonel and was made commander of the 111th Ammunition Train when it was formed at Camp Bowie.

In the fall and early winter of 1917 an epidemic swept over Camp Bowie and the entire medical force of the camp was used to combat the ravages of disease. After several weeks of strenu-

ous fighting the medical force proved unable to make any substantial headway and Doctor Stevenson was drafted to take charge of the situation. He immediately put into effect strict rules of sanitation and quarantined the greater part of the camp; his medical skill enabled him to entirely overcome the disease wave that gripped the camp.

Colonel Stevenson commanded the Ammunition Train from Camp Bowie to France and return home and was very popular with his men; his unit was one of the best trained in the brigade. He was fair to his men, sympathetic with their troubles and was easily approachable at all times, making the private feel as much at home in his presence as the officer.

When the train was mustered out of service, Colonel Stevenson returned to El Paso, where he again resumed the practice of medicine. For years he has been one of the most prominent physicians in Texas and his sanitarium at El Paso is widely known throughout the Southwest.

BRIGADE ADJUTANTS OF THE 61ST F. A. BRIGADE.

LT. COLONEL SLOAN SIMPSON.

It has been said that "a man who has smelled powder cannot keep out of a fight," and this was demonstrated in the case of Major Sloan Simpson, of the First Texas Field Artillery.

Major Simpson was with Theodore Roosevelt in Cuba, having served as a cavalry officer under the famous "Rough Rider," and when the war opened he was one of the first men to volunteer his services to his former commander, when Teddy attempted to raise a force of volunteers to go to France and help whip the Kaiser. The Federal Government called Major Simpson into service before the Roosevelt matter was settled, however, and he was later taken into the 61st F. A. Brigade when it was organized at Camp Bowie.

While at Camp Bowie he was promoted to the rank of Lt. Colonel and retained that grade until the close of the war. He served as a line officer until after the 61st reached Camp de Coetquidan, when he was selected by General Stephens for the position of Brigade Adjutant. He continued in this capacity until the brigade was mustered out of service, though he separated from the brigade just a few days prior to its departure

from Coetquidan, in order to visit London and other parts of England.

Before the war Colonel Simpson was a substantial business man in Dallas, Texas, and was especially well qualified to conduct the business affairs of the 61st Brigade. He was brief and business-like in his transactions and gave the organization a business administration during his incumbency as Adjutant.

After the death of General Stephens, he practically controlled the brigade, for he was familiar with the general policies and personnel of the organzation, while Colonel Farr was not. He was fair and just and was universally liked by the soldiers and officers of the brigade.

When the 61st was mustered out of service, Colonel Simpson was called to the War Department at Washington to do some special service.

MAJOR WILTON L. RUTAN.

Major Rutan, one of the youngest majors in the army, was born January 11th, 1895, at Mankato, Minnesota. As a boy and youth he attended school during the winter months and did odd jobs during his vacations. He finished High School at Port Arthur, Texas, in 1912, and graduated from the Texas A. & M. College in 1915.

While in college Major Rutan took an active interest in the military work of the Cadet Corps, in which he received three years of training as a cadet, and also enlisted in the Texas National Guard, where he served two years, one of which was on the Mexican border, where he held the rank of Captain in the 3rd Texas Infantry. Soon after the war was declared he was promoted to the rank of Major of Infantry, where he was found by Brigadier General George T. Blakeley, when the 61st F. A. was organized at Camp Bowie.

Major Rutan was very popular in the 61st, especially with the members of Brigade Headquarters Detachment. He was known among this little group as "Squirrel," a nickname attached to him by his "Dog-robber," Williams. His quiet, forceful personality impressed the men; and the fact that he was such a young major caused all the soldiers of his brigade to feel pride over his being in their organization.

When Brigadier General John E. Stephens assumed command of the 61st Brigade he chose Lieutenant Colonel Sloan Simpson as Brigade Adjutant and Major Rutan was returned to the 132nd

Regiment as commander of a battalion. He immediately impressed himself on his regiment and soon had the reputation of being one of the best line officers in the brigade.

Major Rutan did not return home with his organization, but was held in France for special duty until the latter part of April, when he sailed for home. He was mustered out of service on the 2nd day of May, 1919, at Camp Meade, Maryland, after which he returned to his home in Port Arthur, Texas.

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